

LYDIA,
OR
FILIAL PIETY.
A
NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of
The MARRIAGE-ACT, a NOVEL.

AND
LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.

SENEC.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT, at the *Black Swan*, in
Pater-noster-row. M.DCC.LV.

L. Y. D. I. A.
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LYDIA.

CHAP. XXVII.

*A new Comparison between Army-Tailors, and
Authors of true History.*

TH E many Comparisons which Authors have already drawn of themselves, one would imagine, should have utterly exhausted all Similies on that Subject; and yet it appears to us that there remains one behind, which, with respect to the Similitude between Writers of true History, such as this we are inditing for Posterity, is more apt, than any that has hitherto been thought of.

VOL. II.

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WE believe also, that the Resemblance may be rendered yet more striking, by certain Methods which have been pursued by some late Historians in this Way.

IN this Place, however, we do not mean to speak of any thing but Likeness in one particular Circumstance, which is in relation to the Characters in our Works.

IN short, we cannot help observing, that there is a very strict Analogy between an Army-Taylor and a Writer of true History. First then, in setting out as a Taylor to clothe a Regiment, every one knows he makes his Cloaths of almost all Sizes without measuring one Man, still with the Idea of Man in the Abstract in his Head, according to the Metaphysicians Phrase; which said Suits of Cloaths are displayed on the Ground, to be taken by *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Harry*; and here by *Tom's* being too tall, and *Dick's* being too short, the Cloaths are all out of fitting at first, till changing round, every Man in the Regiment settles into the Coat that suits him.

IN this Place, we cannot avoid observing, notwithstanding it may seem somewhat paradoxical, that tho' the Taylor makes

the Cloaths and fits the whole Regiment, yet he does not make any single Suit for any one Man, or fit on any one of them: the fitting then arises from those who chuse and put on the Suits, and that makes each Man's his own. In like manner in writing true History, when we have gotten together our Materials, and like the aforefaid Army-Tailors, we have cut them out into Characters and spread them upon the Ground, we let People chuse for themselves till they are fitted.

HOWEVER, in this Instance of Authoring, as in the other of Tayloring, we neither make or adapt Characters to any one Person; we have taken measure of no Individual, but have cut out according to certain Proportions in the Human Being; and therefore it must be remembered, if the Characters happen to be well cut, fit free and easy on the Wearers, that it is really no Merit in us, but in the Persons or their Friends who have chosen from the Heap; and we here very modestly resign all Pretensions to that Applause, being in fact an Historian of a superior Nature to those who paint particular Characters, draw Plans of Battles, cite and explain Things as they think they have past; we choose the Principles in Nature which are eternally existing,

and combining them and their Consequences, form Characters and Events, which are for ever true.

THUS then as an Historian resembles an Army-Taylor, so are his Characters like Suits of Cloaths for a Regiment, which tho' he cuts them out, the Men that put them on adapt to themselves, and make their own.

FOR this Reason, the Character of the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, whoever sees it in the Parcel, and taking it up amongst the rest, should first put in one Arm and then another, and buttoning it fast find it fit him exactly, we confess that we have no particular Merit in this fitting, we made it for the Legion.

IN like manner, if one Friend puts a Suit of Character on the Back of another, the fitting is to him also, and not to us.

WHENEVER then, the Character which belongs to the Captain is put on, or *Mac Vastor's* or his Cousin *Pbelim's*, Lieutenant *Probit's*, Miss *Lydia's*, Mrs. *Rachael's*, or any other respectable Character of this true History, is placed on the Person whom it fits, let it be remembered, that as Misers heap

up Riches and cannot tell who shall gather them; so the Army-Taylor cutteth out Cloaths and cannot tell who shall wear them; and the Author of true History maketh Characters and knoweth not whom they will fit; wherefore here we renounce all kind of Reputation, which may be obtained by that particular Circumstance of fitting.

ONLY indeed, we reserve one thing to ourselves; which is, that after our Works shall be large enough to collect from them Similies, Apothegms, moral Sentences, Proverbs, Maxims, and choice Sayings, sufficient for a whole Suit, that then we may be allowed to rip these Parts like Lace from an old Garment, and make one Vestment which is to be all pure Gold, and which we modestly suppose, from the small Opinion we have of our own Capacity, and the great one of those of other People, were originally overlooked in the whole Suits; these therefore shall be united together, with public Assurance that it is designed to mend the Morals and correct the Vices of Mankind: With a Preface by a Friend, hinting, that we rather exceed *Socrates* in Wisdom and Writing; and yet that Men are wickedder at present than in his Time, notwithstanding our Works and the Christian Religion; which last Sentence, per-

haps,

haps, may be imagined to convey something not very full of Honour to the present Age, present Writers, and present Divines; but this in Imitation of our Betters.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Indian Observations on a certain Species of free Britons. Parson Pugh and Popkins the Exciseman's friendly Rencontre. Cannassatego the Indian Chief taken for the Pretender's Son. Mr. Popkins disposes of the Reward for apprehending him before he receives it. The Cause of Loyalty in the Exciseman and most Whigs. The Welch way of nursing Children, and the Beginning of Mr. Popkins's Journey to London.

THE Ship * * * * being arrived in Milford Haven, Cannassatego was very impatient to see the Country which he had heard so much of, and that People so brave and valiant, such strict observers of Truth and Justice.

THE Man of War being moored, the Chaplain was to go on Shore with Cannassatego: At landing, the Indian was terribly disappointed; instead of Pomp and Splendor,

Splendor, vast Palaces and magnificent Temples; which he had before heard of, he saw Dwellings little better than the Huts of *Indians*, and a parcel of People with their Faces blacker than his own; these were the Colliers just come from the Mines: He could not reconcile what kind of Beings they were, till having their Employment described, as being engaged in digging that which was burning in the Chimney, many Fathom under-ground; he was astonished, and asked if all the *English* dug Coals, then says he, I can account for their leaving this Country in search of ours.

It being then explained to him that only the Poor were employed in this Occupation, he asked if *England* was not a free Country, where all were destined to the same Employment, or if the great Spirit had made two Species of Men, one inferior to another, and the lesser destined to the Service of the greater; without this, says he, how is this a Land of Freedom, or how is it reconcilable in Justice, that Creatures born in the same Land, of the same Form, and endowed with the same Faculties, should be doomed to this inhuman Labour, whilst others live at ease?

ON this Occasion Parson *Pugh* endeavoured to explain to him the Use and Influence of Money; but as he still entertained his heathenish Notions of Liberty, and did not understand the Virtues of Gold, the Divine did not make any great Impression upon him; and indeed he almost repented his Voyage, concluding that the Town of *Pembroke* in *Wales* was a just Representative of *London*; and the Mayor and Corporation, of the great * * * * and the Ministry.

THIS Notion we have known entertained by more than one *English* Traveller, as well as the *Indian* Chief; and a whole Nation, in Manners, Splendor, Arts and Sciences, taken from a Town much farther from the Capital, than *Pembroke* from *London*; and this by the Writer of a late Voyage round the World, who concludes on what is to be seen in *Pekin*, from what he saw at *Canton*.

AND here, as this Observation in the *Indian* shews that it is natural for Men to make such Remarks, it excuses the Writer of that History, as it does the *Indian* also.

As

As these two, the *Indian* Chief and the Chaplain, were one Day on Shore, whom should Parson *Pugh* meet but his old Acquaintance Mr. *Popkins* the Exciseman, with whom he had formerly taken many a Tankard of Ale, and lived in great Intimacy, as we have already related.

THIS accidental Meeting was the Cause of no small Joy to this Pair of old Friends; the Parson shook the Exciseman by the Hand, and the diligent Surveyor of the King's Revenue returned the Compliment with no less Energy; but yet the Divine felt some Touches of Sorrow at hearing his old Friend the Justice, of whom we have made Honourable Mention, was no more; however much alleviated by his Family being in good Health. Compliments being past, the King's Officer asked who that Stranger was which was with him clad in Furrs? the Parson answered, "a Prince, aye in *Wales* too "by Cot." He then introduced him to the Acquaintance of Mr. *Popkins*, hoping that he would be civil and assist to make his Voyage agreeable to him. After having taken a Tankard together, the *Indian* Chief refusing to participate of their Potation, these two old Acquaintances parted; the Chief and Chaplain went on-board the Ship, and the Exciseman to his Dwelling.

THIS accidental Meeting and the Words *Prince in Wales*, ran very strongly in the Head of the Exciseman; he knew his old Friend the Parson was at his Heart a Jacobite, and therefore concluded this Prince could be no less than the Son of the Pretender come to raise another Rebellion, and that the Parson had made him this Discovery to gain his Interest: Indeed there was one thing which seemed to contradict this Appearance, this was the Copper-colour Complexion which the *Indian* was of.

HOWEVER, as the Exciseman inclined much to wish that it might be the Chevalier de St. George's Son, there needed but very little Argument to make him believe it; and as of all the Animals of God's Creation Man is the most expert at deceiving itself, and as a Hen brooding on Duck-eggs always expects a Chicken of her own kind, till the hatching discovers the contrary; so before the next Morning the Exciseman brooding over his Inclinations, believed that it was no other than the very Person who was in *Scotland* in the Year 1745.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Belief in himself, he determined to consult his Wife on so important an Occasion; having told her the Story, and that there was a Reward
of

of Thirty thousand Pounds for apprehending him; they both agreed that it must be the young Chevalier in Disguise, and that he had imitated the Gypsies, and discolour'd his Skin to keep himself from being discovered.

IN Consequence of this Conclusion, the Exciseman was determined to go cunningly to work, and by inquiring if he knew Sir *Watkin*, by that means discover his Intentions, and who he was.

TWO Days after this *Cannassatego* came on-shore again with the Chaplain, Lieutenants, Surgeon, and Miss *Lydia Fairchild*; to which Company the Exciseman was admitted by means of the Divine.

NOW it seems the Exciseman and his Wife had agreed, if the Prince should appear to know Sir *Watkin*, that he then must be the Person they meant; and if he pretended not to know him, that then it must be him, because he disguised that Knowledge to conceal himself.

THE Exciseman therefore, in Company with the above-mentioned People, took an Opportunity to ask the *Indian* if he knew Sir *Watkin*? To which *Cannassatego* answering in the Negative, the Gauger concluded that

that this was the Man, and farther, that Miss Lydia was no other than Miss Jenny Cameron.

To this indeed he was much induced to give Credit, on account of the Scotch Surgeon and Irish Lieutenant, whom he considered as Scotch also, not knowing the different Manners of their pronouncing, and his old Friend Parson Pugh.

THE following Night therefore he debated with his Wife, whether he should take him dead or alive; "if I cut off hur
" Heat by Cot hur shall hafe all the Mo-
" ney hurself, ant if hur taak hur alive
" the Shuftice whill come in for hur Share,
" look you, or those who are incaged with
" hur in the Oork.

HE then told his Wife that he was determined to get the Money to himself,
" part of which, says he, hur whill lye out
" in an Estate in hur own Country, ant pe
" Memper of Parliment, when hur whill
" play the Tefil with the Superfiser who
" tid il use hur; then hur whill kive lit-
" tle Tavy, ant little Morgan, ant little
" Rice, Fife thousand Pounts a-piece, ant
" Whinny ant Peggy Four thousand, that
" his when hur tid tie, look you; by this
" means,

“ means, look you, Wife, young Squire *Powel*
“ and young Squire *Price* whill marry the
“ Wenches to pe sure; for hur whas porn
“ of has cood Plood as the pest of them,”
scratching his right Wrist with his left Hand,
and his right Hamstring with his right Hand,
at the same time, as a Proof of it; an Art
unknown to the *English*.

In this Place perhaps, by many People
it may be thought, that the Exciseman was
rather too bloodily inclined, and a Man of
a bad Heart, and by others, a great Friend
to the present happy Establishment; both
which we beg leave to obviate, by assuring
our Readers, that it was no more than the
Effect of a true Whig Principle, which be-
lieves that no Man will serve his Country,
without a Power of plundering it, or being
purchased; it was the Money therefore
which had prevailed on Mr. *Popkins*; with-
out this Article, the Pretender's Son might
have lived for ever for him: It was not
from any Idea of Dislike to the *Stuarts*, or
Desire of serving his Country, and the pre-
sent Family, but himself, that the King's
Officer had in view; and this we presume
to assert has been the undeviating Principle
of that Party, ever since the Arrival of the
immortal King *William*.

BUT

BUT we beg our Reader's Pardon for having so long said nothing of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffump*, and her Babe. During this time, Mrs. *Rachael* had enquired and found that it was a usual Custom amongst the *Welch* poor People; to take a Child for so much Money in Hand, to bring it up to Manhood, and then over-lay it in a Month, by way of making it a good Bargain.

THIS kind of Nurfing Mrs. *Rachael* thought would be the fittest in the World for her Infant-progeny; she therefore made a Bargain to give ten Guineas with it to a *Welch* Farmer, and thus got rid of her Dropsy and its Effects, in a very cheap manner; still protesting in the Name of the Lord, that she would call and carry it with her to *New York*, in her Return to that Country, for her Husband would be charmed to see his Son and Heir.

IT was now that the Exciseman had brought his Scheme to Perfection in his Imagination; he had determined to invite the *Indian* Chief and the Parson to dine with him, and as he knew his old Friend would tipple heartily, he had resolved to intoxicate him, and then to cut off the Pretender's Son's Head, and riding Post with it to *London*,

don, receive the offer'd Reward : With this Intent he took his Horfe, and rode first to the Place where the Man of War had ridden at Anchor, when to his great Amazement the Ship was sailed.

THIS Accident he attributed entirely to the Discovery of his Design, he was convinced, he said, it had taken Air ; however, it made him much more perswaded that this could be no other Person than the Chevalier's Son ; and he remember'd that the Parson said they were bound for *Portsmouth*.

THIS determined him to ride with all convenient Speed to *London*, to give Intelligence of this Affair to the M——y ; he therefore neglected the King's Revenue entirely, to preserve his sacred Person ; and mounting his Horfe, proceeded with this Account to the great City.

DURING the Journey, this loyal Officer riding from Town to Town, amused his Imagination with the pleasant Seats which he saw on the Road, determining to purchase them all with that Money, which he now counted as good as in his Possession.

PROCEED-

PROCEEDING in this Manner, his Mind entirely taken up with his great Riches, he found that, on his coming into *England*, more Money was required for a Day's Provision, than had served him a Week in *Wales*: This Accident, tho' it disturbed him a little for a Moment, was entirely forgotten in that immense Wealth which he was convinced he should possess, as soon as he arrived at *London*.

AT *Bristol* however, such is the cruel Fate of Things, this Friend to his Country was reduced, on the Evening of his Arrival at the Inn, to two Shillings; and notwithstanding the Exciseman supp'd on a *Welsh* Rabbit and a Tankard of Ale, the Bill the next Morning amounted to five Shillings. For it is a standing Rule with all Landlords, that every Traveller that comes into an Inn at an Evening ought to sup in it; and if he does not, that they ought to charge him as much as if he did, because the Affair is left to the Choice of the Traveller, and Landlords must live well; for this Reason, the Expence is pretty much the same, whether you eat nothing at all, Bread and Cheese, or more delicate Fare.

THIS

THIS Bill being survey'd by the Officer, as he was a great Arithmetician, and expert at Figures, he soon perceived that it was not possible to pay five Shillings with two, he therefore began to expostulate on the Unreasonableness of the Charge, but to no Purpose; the Landlord was resolute, as not being much afraid of losing his Customer, and the Conclusion was, that his little *Welch* Horse must be sold; the Question then was, who should determine the Price. The Landlord, after having secretly sent to the Sadler, who was much employ'd by him, to walk that Way, without taking Notice of the Message when he came, began with saying to Mr. *Popkins*, "God knows, I
"scorn to impose on a Gentleman in Distress; I will not fix a Price on your
"Horse, Sir; I have always behaved as
"a Gentleman to Strangers, and always
"will."

AT this Time the Sadler, appearing as by Accident, "if you please," continued the Landlord, "we will leave the Price to
"this Gentleman, who I am sure is a very
"honest Man, and can have no Interest on
"either Side; what say you, Sir?" "With
"hall hur Heart," says *Popkins*.

THE Sadler then declined the Affair, saying, " he had often fixed Prices for Horses ;
 " but," turning to the Landlord, " you
 " have always grumbled as if they were too
 " dear, and said publicly, that I was more
 " a Friend to Strangers than to you ; and
 " therefore," says he, " I am determined
 " never to have any thing more to do in
 " such Matters."

MR. *Popkins* then being encouraged by this Speech, requested of the Gentleman-Sadler that he would fix a Price, " for hur
 " shall pe much opliged to you inteed."

THE Sadler then had the little Horse walk'd, trotted, and gallop'd, and pretended to examine him with great Scrutiny, taking up his Feet to look at them ; at which Time the Landlord stooping, pretending to look at the Feet also, whisper'd the Sadler, " two Guineas."

" WELL, Sir," says the Sadler to *Popkins*, " I think I have now seen enough of
 " him ; but I am afraid that I shall displease
 " you, and therefore desire to be excused
 " from fixing the Price." At last, by much Intreaty, he said, " well then, tho' I
 " am convinced that no Man would give
 " so

“ so much in any Market or Fair, as the
 “ Gentleman is a Stranger, you must give
 “ him two Guineas ; this, I think, between
 “ Man and Man, is the just thing,” says
 he to the Landlord.

THE Price being fix'd, and the Money
 received, Mr. *Popkins* paid his Reckoning,
 and proceeded on his Journey, with one
 Pound nineteen Shillings in his Pocket.

Now it never came into this Man's Head
 that there were more than two Ways of
 Travelling, on Horseback and on Foot,
 Stage-coaches being unheard of in the Coun-
 try from whence he came.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIX.

Mr. Popkins continues his Journey on Foot. Many Adventures on the Road, religious, amorous, theatrical, political, and friendly.

THIS Morning therefore he began his Journey, regretting the Loss of his little Horse, yet thinking the Fatigue of walking a hundred and twenty Miles a Consideration not worth the Attention of a Man, who was to get so much Money by serving his Country, for indeed the Idea of the Riches was the most consoling Circumstance: During the whole Journey, whatever Crosses he met on the Road, in less than five Minutes all was forgotten, by the strong Belief of that immense Sum, which he concluded he should soon enjoy.

BEING in good Spirits, and an able Walker, he courageously proceeded on his Journey for two Days, when advancing nearer to *London*, he frequently met Travelers on the Road, who kept him Company; this was no great Consolation to Mr. *Popkins*, all Conversation depriving him of ruminating on his immense Wealth, and the way

way he should bestow it, which as yet he did not chuse to mention to any one, lest the Person should forestall him in the Discovery, and get the whole Sum to himself.

IN this manner he proceeded, entertaining his Imagination with his immense Riches, only sometimes he was visited with Fears, lest Parson *Pugh*, incited by the same Love of Money, should betray the Prince before he could arrive; this indeed gave him some Twitches of Anxiety, and made him put the best Leg foremost.

THE Evening was now at hand, and the Exciseman began to be Leg-weary; he therefore entered into a little Inn on the Road, in a Village between *Newberry* and *Reading*, in which a *Jew* Pedlar, according to the *Israelite* Phrase, had pitched his Tent for the Night, and a Gentleman of another Cast, who had begun his first Struttings on the Stage as an Actor at *Barnstaple* in *Devonshire*, with no small Applause, particularly in his own Opinion, where he found much Approbation in all he said and acted.

THIS young Man had been bred a Wig-maker; but from dressing the Perriwigs of

a Company of Strollers, and being free of the House, he had conceived such an ardent Desire of appearing in the first Characters as a Player, that Mr. *Archer*, the Master of the Company, for, and in Consideration of dressing the whole Company for nothing, during their Stay at *Barnstaple*, had permitted him to play the Part of *Othello*, inserting it in the Bills, “ the Part of *Othello* by a “ Gentleman who never appeared on any “ Stage before,” at the same time favouring him with some of his peculiar Strokes of Instruction.

THIS then, tho’ his Friends were of another Opinion, had determined him to follow the Stage; Mr. *Archer* and his Troop, who continually honoured him with their Company to dine and sup, assuring him that they had never seen any young Gentleman come off so well the first Time, as Mr. *Cook* had done, since they were upon the Stage.

UPON this Encouragement, he proposed listing in their Troop: They told him he was welcome to play what Parts he pleased, during their Residence at *Barnstaple*; but as his peculiar Friends, they would not advise him to engage with them, for
Reasons

Reasons which they would tell him hereafter.

He then played more Parts, and every Character he played filled the House thro' Curiosity: Indeed he had one singular Talent, which was that of transposing an Author's Intention, by making the Audience weep at Comedy, and laugh at Tragedy, in which no Man excelled him. When his Townsmen ridiculed him the next Day for his Absurdities, he always believed these Reflections arose from Envy; and indeed, the best Judges, the Players, assured him, it all took its Rise from that Source.

THE Time was now come, that the Cloud-cap'd Towers and gorgeous Palaces, the Kings and Queens, were to remove to *Biddeford*; when Mr. *Cook* expressing great Inclination to follow them, Mr. *Archer*, in a fly Speech, told him, "That to be sure
" nothing could so much improve their
" Company, or be so advantageous to it,
" as the Playing of Mr. *Cook*; but," says he, "as a Man of Honour, I think myself
" obliged to renounce that Advantage, and
" to tell you, Sir, that I really think it a
" vast Pity, so accomplished an Actor
" should be lost in the Country; and there-
" fore

“ fore I sincerely advise you to make the
 “ best Haste you can to *Bath*, there play
 “ the first Characters for one Season; after
 “ which,” says he, “ I doubt not but Mr.
 “ *R—b*, of *Covent-Garden* Theatre, who is
 “ a great Encourager of Merit in Players,
 “ will gladly give you five Hundred a
 “ Year Sallary to begin with, besides a Be-
 “ nefit: As to Mr. *Garrick* indeed, I am
 “ afraid if you should go to him, he may
 “ be a little shy of encouraging you; great
 “ Players are apt to be jealous of rising
 “ Merit, like yours; therefore remember
 “ Mr. *R—b* is your Man.” It seems Mr.
Cook had taken this Advice, and having
 fail’d at *Bath*, was proceeding to *London*,
 being convinced it was all Envy, and that
London was the only Place for Merit to
 thrive in.

THESE three Gentlemen being at one Inn,
 agreed to spend the Evening together; the
Jew excepted against Eating with them,
 being extremely scrupulous in Non-essentials
 of Morality and Religion; and, as the Ale
 was good, after their Meal the Tankard was
 push’d about with Vigour; the Exciseman
 finding his Spirits and Strength much re-
 cruited by the Quintessence of the Malt, as
 did the *Jew* and Mr. *Cook*.

As

As these Gentlemen grew warmer with Liquor; they grew more intimate; when Mr. Cook told them he would, if they pleased, entertain them with a Speech in *Othello*, which he had studied, and take their Opinion upon it.

UPON this the Landlady, who was a Widow, was admitted of the Company; and Mr. Cook put out the Light, and then put out the Light, to the great Surprize of the Audience, and Applause to himself, I mean the greatest Part, the Landlady and the Exciseman; the *Jew* having seen Players in *London*, was not so much struck with the Excellency of the Performance.

THE Exciseman protested, “hur tid pe-
 “ lief the Shentilman whas maak as pretty
 “ a Player has any in *Englant*.” “And
 “ so do I too, I protest,” says Mrs. *Swadle*
 the Landlady, a Woman a little inclining
 to Fat, but a buxom Widow still. Indeed
 Mr. Cook was a handsome Person, which
 sometimes, in the Opinion of Females, out-
 weighs many other Excellencies, and parti-
 cularly has no small Influence on a Widow
 in its Favour, and it seems did not operate
 a little in his, in this Instance.

Now it seems that of the three, *Levi* the Pedlar was the first that had arrived at this Inn: This *Jew* had, from his first coming, surveyed the Landlady with an Inclination diametrically opposite to that with which that Nation beholds a good Piece of Pork; indeed he had a great Appetite to have a Slice of her that Evening.

WITH this Intent he had made Love to her, beginning with the Offer of a Gold-Ring, which in these hard Times, when Taxes are high, and Money scarce, as the Landlady exprest herself, she had agreed to accept: on this Account Mr. *Levi* was to have the special Favour of sleeping in the same Bed with Mrs. *Swadle* that Evening.

AFTER the Speaking this Speech, the Exciseman could not avoid applauding Mr. *Cook*, and *Levi* disagreed with him in his Opinion. Words soon grew high; from disputing about Playing, they fell to that of the *Jewish* and Christian Religion; on which the Exciseman observed, it was no wonder that a *Jew* did not like a Player, who was a Christian.

Levi to this answered, that he believed the Christian Religion did not say any thing
in

in relation to Players; and that Christ was never an Actor. This warm'd the Blood of the Exciseman to that Degree, that he was resolved to make the *Jew* renounce his Faith, or that he would convert him by no very gentle Beating; he declared also, it was a Shame that these Fellows were not banished from all Christian Countries, that they were a Sett of Cheats, and deserved Hanging.

To this the *Jew* answered, he believed he could buy twenty such Fellows as he or the Player, pointing to his Box, "Tradef-men," says he, "are of more use than "*Welchmen* or Strollers to a Nation."

AT which Words Mr. Cook seized *Levi* by the Collar, and rapped out,

*Villain, be sure you prove my Love a Whore,
Be sure of it; give me ocular Proof,
Or by the Worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a Dog,
Than answer'd my waked Wrath.*

Which Words, tho' not very applicable to the Subject, nor well understood by the Audience, had yet a very great Influence on the Exciseman and *Jew*, and brought the Landlady into the Room; when *Popkins* taking the Word, began, "Damochée,

" toes hur know to whom hur whas taak-
 " ing, look you ; py Cot, hur tid pelief
 " hur whas the richeft Man in all *South*
 " *Wales*, and in *Englant* to poot, tho' in-
 " teed hur whas not maak that Appearance,
 " put hur whas come pack in hur Coach,
 " tho' hur tid co up a Foot ; it whas hur
 " Fancy to walk a Foot, hur Father ant
 " Grandfather hat the same Fancies ant Fa-
 " garies pefore hur. Put, look you, hur
 " whas tetermined to maak a Confert of a
 " *Shew* ; aye, ant that presently."

THIS Resolution was not at all relifh'd by
 the *Israelite* ; he furvey'd the Excifeman, and
 found him a well-made Fellow, who had
 great Powers of Conversion about him ; he
 therefore feeling Mr. *Popkins's* Left-hand at
 his Collar, feeing the Right directed to his
 Face, and confidering it as an *English Auto de*
Fé, cried out he was ready to renounce his
 Faith, if they would get a Parfon to whom
 it might be acknowledged. This fuspend-
 ed the Excifeman's Powers of Conversion ;
 but as there was no Parfon in the Neigh-
 bourhood, the Widow, who had as much
 Waggifhnefs as a Merry-andrew, propofed
 another Expedient, that Mr. *Levi*, to con-
 vince the Company of his Conversion to
 Chriftianity, fhould eat a Yard of Hogs-
 Pudding, which ſhe would broil for him :
 This

This was agreed to by the Exciseman; Mr. *Levi* accordingly devoured this Christian Morfel, and proved himself a Convert to the Satisfaction of all present, Mr. *Popkins* valuing himself not a little on thus having saved a *Jew* from the Torments of the other World.

DURING this Dispute, the Maid of the House (for permit me to say this Inn was not quite so large as the *Casile* at *Marlborough*, the *King's-arms* at *Spinhamlands*, the *Crown* at *Reading*, or the *Castle* at *Saltbill*) took the Liberty to participate the Conversation with her Mistress; a Liberty which Maids will sometimes take, from the Palace to the Cottage, who are too much familiarized with their Mistress's Manners and Secrets: Indeed, as these last are not sworn to Secrecy, like Members of a Privy-council, it is no wonder their Superiors are a little suspicious of their blabbing; a thing which is always effectually prevented by an Oath by Potentates all over *Europe*, one only excepted, which is the King of *Prussia*; he indeed has another way almost as effectual, which is that of not letting his Ministers know what he intends doing.

Molly then had made herself of the Party during this Dispute, and to her Mr. *Cook*,
C 3 being

being warmed with Ale, made Love from the tenderest Parts of all the most pathetic Tragedies ; this being quoted from the Language of Princes, was a Strain beyond the Resistance of any Servant-maid's Chastity. Indeed this Virtue in *Molly*, though it had never been absolutely broken by a Lying-in, yet, like a Cable in a Storm, it had been stretched ; she had therefore frequently veered out more Rope, according to Occasion, before she parted from her Anchor, and was determined to put the same Expedient again in Practice for the Sake of Mr. *Cook*, who was a Lover of quite another kind from any she had ever received.

It was then agreed, that *Molly* should act a Part in *All for Love* that Night with Mr. *Cook* ; and play it, not as on the Stage in *London*, with Alterations by *Dryden*, but according to the Original, as it was exactly performed by *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* in *Egypt*, almost two thousand Years ago.

THIS Bargain however was not so secretly made, but the Widow *Swadle* overheard the Resolution ; and as she had a much greater Mind, to speak in the theatrical Phrase, to *Mark Anthony* than *Shylock*, she was devising how to change Parts with her Maid, and act *Cleopatra* for that Night
at

at least ; the Ring she was in Possession of, as hath been already said.

THESE two Amours were to be begun by the two Females seeking their Knights in the Dark, according to the Laws in which they are generally transacted in Castles of this kind.

MRS. *Swadle* therefore taking Occasion to tell *Molly*, that Mr. *Levi* should sleep in the Lion, and Mr. *Cook* in the Tyger, (which not to frighten young travelling Squires, we must assure them are not the Bellies of two wild Beasts, but two Chambers christened in this manner in an Inn) desired her to turn up the Ale, and she would put the Gentlemen to Bed herself, in the mean while.

THIS *Molly* agreeing to, the good Woman of the House alter'd her Intentions, and put Mr. *Levi* in the Tyger, and Mr. *Cook* in the Lion, and never mentioned one Word of this Alteration to her Maid *Mary*. Indeed, the Landlady has since been heard to say, that she thought she had trusted her Servant with Secrets enough before that Time, and chused to keep this one to herself, at least till the Morning.

AFFAIRS being settled, the Mistress and the Maid took Leave of each other with a good Night, very cordially pronounced.

Now, as it has been observed by those who look deep into human Nature, that Joy and Sorrow in Excess will produce Tears ; so we observe, that each of these Passions has great Power to keep People waking.

ON the Approach of one of which Passions, perhaps both, the Player lay expecting his *Cleopatra* with unsleeping Eyes, gently spouting tender Tragedy, like a *jet d'eau* at half Play, and *Levi* in the same Situation, silent, expecting Mrs. *Swaddle* with more Earnestness than *G—d—n* does the coming of the Messiah, and *Le H—e* his Trial for Breach of Law at the King's-bench.

THE Ladies also continued till all was quiet : Indeed, the Time was not long, for as every one in the House was to perform a Vigil that Night, the Exciseman excepted, he, as if conscious of his sleeping for all the rest, began to imitate the Sound of Hogs in a calm Night ; these Animals being observed, by the most shrewd and learned Naturalists, to sleep quietest in a Storm.

It will be remember'd by the Wags amongst our Readers, that Mrs. *Swadle*, in Imitation of great Ministers, had given out one Design, and followed another; that is, she altered the first Intention of lodging her Guests, by which means it came to pass, that *Molly* not being acquainted with the Alteration, walk'd away to the Bed of *Levi*, and instead of acting as she had intended, the Part of *Cleopatra* in the Arms of *Mark Anthony*, was reduced to be the Female Companion of *Skylock*.

At length the rosy-fisted Morning having drawn the Curtains of the Night, which envelop'd the Bed in which she had slept with *Phæbus*, perceiving that it was time to get up, leapt from her Master's Side, and ordering the Grooms to put the Horses to, waked the young Gentleman, and set out, scattering rosy Water in Dew-drops to refresh him as he pass'd along; in plain *English*, it was Day.

This discovered that Mrs. *Molly* had been mistaken, as well as Mr. *Cook*, tho' all Parties were tolerably well satisfied: As the Maid suspected the Mistake was in her Memory, and did not imagine how things

had gone with her Mistress, they did not chuse to mention the thing to each other.

THE *Jew* however, finding the Bargain uncomplied with on the Side of Mrs. *Swadle*, who refused to refund the Ring, threatened to swear a Robbery against her; on which Mrs. *Swadle* speaking to *Molly* without discovering she was in the other Bed, told her the whole Affair of the Agreement with the *Jew*.

THIS good Girl having a great Love for her Mistress, a rare Instance in Servants now a-days! immediately threaten'd to swear a Rape against *Levi*, unless he made her a Present also.

THIS being obliged to do in a Pair of Silver Buckles, he quitted the House before the Player and Exciseman were stirring, and proceeded to *Newbury Market*.

THE Exciseman and Tragedian being both awaked, came down, and breakfasted on some cold Meat, and a Tankard of Ale; when each intending to go the same Road, they paid their Reckoning, and set out for the great City of *London*; Mr. *Cook* taking Leave of Mrs. *Swadle* in tender Tragedy,
the

the good Woman wishing to have the same Play given out for the next Night.

C H A P. XXX.

More Adventures on the Road ; together with a Scene of the Humbug ; which, thro' Variety of Fortunes, bring a Player and Exciseman a great way on the Road to London.

AS these two Gentlemen walked the Road together, inattentive of one another, each deeply amused with his coming Grandeur ; the Exciseman lost in that Pomp which he intended to appear in when he return'd, and amaze the Landlady ; and Mr. Cook ruminating on the Princes and Potentates which he should represent, and the vast Applause that he must gain in acting Parts that require the greatest Talents to perform well ; as they thus walked together, the Tragedian, lost in Attention to the Part of *Othello*, stopt short, and taking hold of the Exciseman, cried,

*Soft you, a Word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some Service, and they
know't :*

No,

*No more of that; I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am.*

THIS Speech the Exciseman interrupted in this Place, by saying, he did not intend writing to the State about it, but was carrying the Message himself by Word of Mouth, and if he could serve him in any thing he should be glad to do it with all his Heart.

MR. Cook thanked him very profoundly, when recollecting himself and his Pockets that were then empty, Mr. Popkins's saying last Night that he was extremely rich, and now that he was going to the State himself, he concluded that his Companion was some great *Welch* Squire in Disguise going to Parliament.

THE Tragedian therefore, seemed inclined to know why a Man of Riches chose to travel on Foot; Mr. Popkins answered as before, that it was his Fancy, and in fact that he was rather going to receive that Fortune which he had last Night mentioned, than actually in Possession of it.

TIME passing on and the Road together, the Appetites of these two Travellers began

to strike the Hour of Dining, when Mr. *Popkins* proposed that Inclination to Mr. *Cook*, who had no Objection to it at all, only like a young Player who is deeper tinctured with the Probity of the Parts he plays, than the Politicks of the Stage, first telling Mr. *Popkins*, that he was a Man of too much Honour to pretend to dine with him without first acquainting him, that he had no more Money remaining.

THIS the Exciseman told him was no matter between Friends, that he had sufficient for both, and was determined he should participate; I am within three Days of receiving Thirty thousand Pounds, says he; and I, says *Cook*, of Five hundred a Year and a Benefit.

BEING then both of one Mind with respect to the Inclination of dining, they entered a little Inn on the Road, and finding that a good Piece of Beef would be ready in half an Hour, well garnished with Greens and other Garden-stuff, they determined to refresh themselves with a Slice or two of that Viand, and then proceed to that great City where each longed to arrive; the Exciseman to receive Thirty thousand Pounds, and the Player to begin upon his Five hundred a Year, on which Sum he
said,

said, that a young Gentleman with Care, he believed, might live very handsomely.

HAVING dined, they determined to take one Tankard of Ale and proceed : Now as Illustrations of the Minds of Men, have been always well received by every Reader of Penetration ; we beg Leave by an apt Similitude to illustrate the present Situation of these two Gentlemen.

It is scarce to be imagined, but that all our Readers have some time or other in their Lives, beheld that expressive Symbol of Justice, a Pair of Scales : It must have been remarked also by many of them, Philosophers for example who weigh Air, Poets who weigh Words, Tradesmen who weigh Sugar, Plumbs and Tobacco, Statesmen who weigh Kingdoms and even *Europe* in a Balance, that when one Scale contains a greater Weight than the other, it immediately becomes Important, and as the Poets express it, makes the other kick the Beam.

In this manner it happened between the Player and the Exciseman ; this latter perceiving his Importance become greater by being the Person destined to pay the Reckoning, desired Mr. *Cook* to entertain him
with.

with a Speech out of some Play, a Liberty he would otherwise scarce have asked; and the Tragedian also perceiving that it was his Fate to be obliged for his Shot, found that his Importance grew less and his Situation such, that Mr. *Popkins* must be complied with: Thus each Person like each Scale grew more or less Important, from more Weight being in one than the other; and yet we would not have our Readers conceive that this arose from deep Penetration or Design, but from the natural Dispositions of common Minds and common Scales.

IN this manner we have seen the learned Head and light Pocket play the Fool to entertain the Title and great Estate.

THE Speech which was pronounced, was "To be, or not to be", in *Hamlet*; in which Mr. *Cook* acquitted himself with great Applause: The Landlord and Landlady, Maid, Drawer, Ostler, Boot-catcher, and one or two Postilions straggled from the great Inn, as well as Mr. *Popkins*, agreeing that they never had seen any thing so well performed, and pronouncing positively that Mr. *Cook* would make a great Man.

THE Tankard being finished, and the Reckoning paid, those two Companions sat out together each being more pleased with the other than before, the whole Family looking after them admiring *Cook* for his theatrical Talents, and because he was handsome.

DURING the latter Part of the March, the Exciseman was so absolutely absorbed in thinking of his immense Riches and how to employ them, that he never cast a Thought on what was his present Situation; the Ocean of Wealth flowed so fast and so largely into his Head, he could not attend to the little Brook which ran out of his Pocket.

MR. *Cook* was at Ease about the Affair of Money, concluding that a Gentleman who was to possess Thirty thousand Pounds in three Days, could never want Money sufficient to carry them to *London*, where he was sure that Five Hundred a Year stood waiting for him, as a Porter does for the Arrival of a Stage Coach.

FILLED with these exalted Thoughts they marched on together till the closing Day, twelve Miles, and a weary Pair of
8
Legs

Legs brought them to an Inn, where they intended to rest for that Night.

THE Master of this House was what is called a damn'd comical Dog, a funny Fellow, a Man of Humour, a good Companion, a dry Rascal; in short he could drink a great deal, crack a Joke, humbug, and distinguish the various Capacities of his Guests.

IN Truth, like *Mabomet*, tho' he had never travelled as a Carrier with Pack-horses or Camels, into various Countries to attain the Knowledge of Mankind, yet he had acquired a tolerable Share of worldly Wisdom, by Carriers and other Travellers coming to his Inn from all Parts, which is much the same thing at the End; Men coming to you or you going to them, *Mabomet* to the Mountain, or the Mountain to *Mabomet*.

THIS Pair then entering the Rose and Crown, asked the Landlord to shew them a Room, and what he had in the House; the first of which being shewn, the Exciseman decided in Favour of a Shoulder of Mutton and Potatoes; Mr. *Cook* agreeing nothing in his Opinion could be a more proper

proper Supper-joint, his Complaisance being vastly improved by his Necessities.

MR. *Popkins*, as being now within one Day's journey, or at most one and a half from the great City, grew more sanguine in his Behaviour, as he concluded the Time approached that would put him in Possession of his Thirty thousand Pounds; Mr. *Cook* was equally exhilarated with the majestic Idea of soon appearing to the greatest Advantage, as a Prince or Hero on the Stage of *Covent-garden*.

SUPPER being prepared and well eaten, the Landlord, who had by this Time, from a full Survey of his Guests, and a small overhearing of their Conversation, truly penetrated their Characters and Capacities, desired to make one of the Company, expressing great Pleasure in the Conversation of Men of Learning and Ingenuity, as he perceived they were.

THIS was accepted of with much Good-nature by the two Travellers; my Landlord cocking his Pipe and beginning with a hearty Pull at the Tankard, and his Service to Mr. *Popkins*, asked if the Gentlemen had heard any News?

THIS

THIS Question being answered in the Negative, "he wondered," he said, "they had not heard of the Election at * * * where," says he, "every thing is carried without Opposition; the Liberty of a *Englishman* is not worth Six-pence; what is become of Liberty and Property, Roast-beef and the Lord's Prayer? Who stands up for the Good of his Country now? Damme if I believe there will be Ten Pounds spent in the Town; what is your Liberty," says he, "when the Voters can get nothing by it?"

"WAS I an Innkeeper there, I would get some one to oppose them, if I gave all the Liquor in my Cellar; I believe in my Conscience I could carry two Members in that Borough, for any two honest Gentlemen at a small Expence. Pray," added Mr. *Coaxum*, which was the Landlord's Name, "Do you know of any one who would willingly serve his Country, or will either of you Gentlemen? I am perswaded I could carry it for you at a very small Expence."

To this Mr. *Popkins* answered, by asking when the Election came on, "not these three Weeks," replied *Coaxum*;
Then,

Then, says *Popkins*, "Py Cot hur whill
 "ferfe hur Country, hur whill to it." At
 which Words, Mr. *Cook* took the Op-
 portunity to whisper so loud to the Land-
 lord, that the Exciseman heard, "Mr.
 " *Popkins*, says he, tho' he takes a Plea-
 "sure in going a-foot, is worth Thirty
 "thousand Pounds;" for says he, "I am
 "sure it is true, having heard it from his
 "own Mouth."

THIS *Popkins* confirmed, by saying, "py
 "Cot hit was true, tho' hur toes say it
 "that shoul't not say it."

Now it had been agreed before the Land-
 lord's Introduction, that when he was be-
 come a little intimate with his Guests,
 Attorney *Snap* should send for him, and
 then Mr. *Coaxum* should take Occasion to
 introduce the Lawyer to the Company.

A MESSAGE being now brought that
 Lawyer *Snap* was waiting for the Land-
 lord, Mr. *Coaxum* desired Liberty of intro-
 ducing him to the Company, at the same
 time assuring Mr. *Popkins*, that this Gen-
 tleman had the greatest Influence on the
 Borough which he had mentioned, and that
 this was the most lucky and favourable Op-
 portunity

portunity of beginning and clinching an Interest with him.

LAWYER *Snap* was introduced to the Company, particularly to Mr. *Popkins*, by the Landlord, who said, “ here is the Gentle-
“ man who can most effectually serve you,
“ Sir, in the Borough * * * then adding,
“ the Borough was happy in having found
“ a Gentleman who had still the Love of
“ his Country at Heart, he desired Lawyer
“ *Snap* would exert himself in favour of so
“ worthy a Representative as Mr. *Popkins*
“ promised to be, a true Briton, a Lover of
“ old *England*, a Friend to his Country.”

“ AYE faith, that hur whas inteed,”
says the Exciseman.

MR. *Snap* then taking Mr. *Popkins* by the Hand, gave him a hearty Squeeze accompanied with a Shake, assuring him, on
“ Mr. *Coaxum*’s Recommendation he would
“ exert all his Endeavours in his Interest,”
“ adding withal, “ that no Man could do
“ the Thing so easily as himself, as he was
“ convinced Mr. *Coaxum* would allow”;
which was accordingly very readily allowed
by Mr. *Coaxum*.

MR.

MR. *Snap* then inquired what they were drinking, which being answered by the Landlord, "Ale," the Lawyer replied, he seldom drank that Liquor ;" the Landlord whispering to Mr. *Cook* loud enough for Mr. *Popkins* to hear, "that the Gentleman never drank any thing but Wine," "indeed," says he, "it is not my Business, but I presume that it would not be right to entertain Mr. *Snap* with any thing but Wine, at so critical a Time."

AT these Words Mr. *Popkins*, who now began to wax warm, cried, "bring a Pot-
"tle of Whine, look you." "Yes Sir," answered *Coaxum*, rising himself, *Snap* ordering him "to bring a Bottle of old red
"Port, you know my Taste." "Yes Sir," cries *Coaxum* ; in the mean while Lawyer *Snap* took Occasion to extol his Landlord's Honesty, and to assure them that he had great Interest in the Borough ; "but," says he, "he is a modest Fellow, and will not
"tell you one half he intends doing for
"you."

MR. *Cook* agreed, that Mr. *Popkins* could not do a better thing, than to serve his Country in Parliament.

THE Bottle being brought, another, and another after that, each welcome as the former; the Lawyer and Landlord tipping Winks and humbugging their Companions: *Snap* asked, "how much Money the Gentleman was willing to spend in procuring a Seat?" Mr. *Popkins* answered, "faith hur tid not know what whas the Price, hur whill kive as much has another Shentilman, look you, has much has the peft Shentilman in *Englant*."

LAWYER *Snap* then told him, "if he would deposit a thousand Guineas in his Hand, and five Hundred in Mr. *Coaxum*'s, he would engage him a Seat, and that no other Man should have it under a Thousand more."

THIS then the Exciseman agreed to, Mr. *Snap* then asked him if he could draw for that Sum at that Time? Mr. *Popkins* said, no, but that in four Days he would put every Farthing of the Money into his Hands, for that he was going to *London* to transact a certain Thing, which would bring him that Money on the Nail.

"To sell an Estate I presume," says the Landlord.

"No

“ No faith,” says *Popkins*, “ to make
“ a Tiscofery for which there is Thirty
“ thousand Pounds Rewart offered by the
“ Government.”

“ THEN,” says *Snap*, “ you may count
“ the Money as surely in your Pocket now,
“ as in ten Days hence, the Government
“ is extremely liberal in rewarding meri-
“ torious Discoveries, as we see every
“ Day.”

Snap then asked Mr. *Popkins* on what
his Studies had chiefly turned? which was
answered by *Popkins*, “ o cha vee hur hat
“ studiet the King’s Tuties, look you.”

“ A VERY necessary Thing I assure
“ you,” says *Snap*, “ there seem but very
“ few about his Majesty, who pay much
“ Attention to that Part of Government.”

“ PROBABLY,” says *Snap*, “ you could
“ give us a small Specimen on that Head,
“ in a Speech now; it will be a very
“ commendatory Consideration to your
“ Electors, when I give them an account
“ of your manner of Speaking; they are ex-
“ tremely ambitious of having a great Ora-
“ tor for their Representative.”

Popkins

Popkins then said, " he peliefed he coul't
 " speak has whell has another, hur tid
 " think so, hur woul't not swear to it inteet,
 " but hur tid pellefe so."

THIS *Snap* and *Coaxum* agreed in, adding, that if he did not choose to speak on the Head of the King's Duties, he might harangue either for, or against standing Armies, for or against Subsidies, *Hanoverian* Troops, or any thing according to the Side he intended to choose: " For, says *Snap*, " you may begin on
 " which Party you will; it is universally
 " allowed a Man has a right to change
 " Sentiments for his own and his Country's
 " Good, or for his own in Opposition to his
 " Country's; so Sir, take which Side you
 " will."

MR. *Popkins* now rose up, and putting himself in order, began.

" Shentilmen,
 " HUR shall speak to you on the Nature
 " of King's Tuties, look you. Shentil-
 " men, the Nature of Tuties of the King
 " whas two fold; there his the Hexcile
 " Tuties, and the Custom-house Tuties,
 " that whas collected in very tifferent
 " manners, look you; whan py the Col-
 VOL. II. D " lector

“lector of Hexcise, ant the other py the
 “Collector of Customs; now the Money
 “peing collected, the King knows his Tu-
 “ties; wherefore I say King George for efer,
 “and no Shacobites.

“VERY well spoken upon my Word,”
 said the Landlord and Lawyer; “this
 “Speech, as I shall represent it, will go a
 “great way in your Favour.”

DURING this Time Mr. Cook had been
 very little taken notice of, till Mr. Snap
 and the Landlord having eaten enough of
 one Course, had now an Inclination to taste
 the second; they therefore proposed that
 Mr. Cook should be joint Representative
 with Mr. Popkins; but this Mr. Cook de-
 clined, assuring them, “that his Genius
 “lead him a different way, and that he was
 “going to get Five Hundred a Year on
 “the Stage.”

“HAVE you made an Agreement,”
 says Lawyer Snap? “Because I know
 “Mr. R—b, and will give you a recom-
 “mendatory Letter to that Gentleman;
 “and as I am a Judge of acting, I should
 “be extremely glad to hear you speak a
 “Speech, in any favourite Part you have
 “studied.”

MR.

MR. *Cook* said, *Othello* was his first and most favourite Part, and if he pleased he would give him a Speech or two from that Play.

“ WITH all my Heart,” says *Snap* ;
 “ but give me leave to tell you, Sir, that
 “ unless your Face is blacked, I would not
 “ give Six-pence for what you can play ; it
 “ is impossible for me to judge of what
 “ a man can say in a black Face, from
 “ what he may deliver in a White ; Sir I
 “ only mention this for your Sake, that I
 “ may the more effectually recommend you
 “ to Mr. *R—b* from my own Judgment.”

THIS the Landlord and Mr. *Popkins* agreed was right, from two very different Reasons ; one for the Sake of more Laughing and the other seduced by the false reasoning.

MR. *Coaxum* then was to prepare the Blacking, whilst Mr. *Cook* recollected the Speech ; my Landlord then, whose Head was very fertile in Expedients, applied to the Bucket which held the Waggon-wheel Grease, thence taking a sufficient Quantity he entered to Mr. *Cook*, who like a Pair of Boots stood ready for blacking, and beginning the Speech ; the Grease having been

warmed to thin it a little, was speedily applied by my Landlord; the Chairs being then removed, Mr. Cook was to begin his Speeches in *Otello*, Mr. Popkins assuring the Company, "that he believed there was not a better Player, look you, in all *England*," which these Gentlemen very politely agreed to acquiesce in.

Mr. Cook repeated a Speech or two, bounding in his Voice, now high, now low, now one Hand up and then the other, now the right Foot foremost, and then the Left, splitting Sentences, and annihilating the Sense; the Spectators standing in great Amazement and Applause, till proceeding to the last Speech, and coming to these Words.

*Set you down this,
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State;
I took by the Throat the circumcised Dog,
And smote him thus.*

At this, striking his Breast with much Vehemence and being a little Top-heavy, he tumbled back over the little Table which held the Wine, Ale, and Glasses, and fell on the Floor, to the great Admiration of

of the whole Company ; Mr. *Popkins* crying, “ o cha vee, o cha vee, hur whas a
 “ little too much in Cholers, look you,
 “ put her was a prafe Player inteed ;” this
 Mr. *Snap* and the Landlord agreed was
 true, the Lawyer adding, “ that he had
 “ never seen a young Player play the stab-
 “ bing Part so well, promising him a re-
 “ commendatory Letter the next Day to
 “ Mr. *R—b*, who he did not doubt would
 “ employ him immediately,” he said ; Mr.
Cook rising with his black Face and daub’d
 Garments, thanked him very profoundly.

He was then advised to get the Blacking
 from his Face, which tho’ the expeditious
 Landlord was not more than a Minute in
 putting on, Mr. *Cook* was an Hour in get-
 ting off, and at last ended in resembling
 a Chimney-sweeper with his *Sunday’s* Face
 on ; this however he did not regard, being
 so much applauded by Mr. *Snap*, and ex-
 alted with the Hopes of the Letter.

Snap then took his Leave of Mr. *Popkins*
 with a hearty Shake by the Hand, assur-
 ing him of his sincere Attachment to his
 Service, and that he would attend him
 at a Moment’s Warning, whenever he
 was ready to deposite the Thousand Gui-
 neas for the Borough in his Hands ; add-
 ing,

ing, that he was under no Doubt of securing his Election.

Thus parted this Company, the Lawyer to his House, the Travellers to their Beds, and we to conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. XXXI.

A Dispute between a Landlord and an Exciseman about a Piece of bad Money. Reasons for naturalizing the Jews infer'd from that Dispute. And an Argument in favour of the present M——y.

THE Morning being advanced, the two Travellers awaked and drest themselves; the first thing Mr. Cook inquired after, was the Letter which Mr. Snap had promised to leave for him; this the Landlord said, “ Mr. Snap, being obliged to go out of Town in a great Hurry, “ was not able to execute as he wished at “ that Time, but that Mr. Cook would certainly find it at Mr. R—b’s at his Ar- “ rival in London, with very strong Re- “ commendation and Description of him ;”

this

this Favour *Cook* gratefully acknowledged, and was perfectly contented with.

BREAKFAST being ended, the Bill was brought, which amounted to eighteen Shillings out of the Exciseman's last Guinea; this Diminution however, he did not value as they were both determined to reach *London* that Night, where the Player was to begin on a Sallary of five Hundred a Year, and Mr. *Popkins* to receive thirty Thousand Pounds.

THE Exciseman then taking out his only Guinea, desired the Change; this Piece of Money being accurately surveyed by the Landlord, was found to be a Shilling gilt.

FOR which Reason being returned to Mr. *Popkins* as not good, Amazement seized upon that Gentleman, for tho' he had thirty Thousand Pounds as good ideal Money, as any in *Britain*, he had not one Farthing more in Possession that was coined; now Landlords are a Race of Beings not very apt to take ideal Money in Exchange for material Substances, their Motto being *Pay to-day and Trust to-morrow*.

MR. *Popkins* then taking the Landlord on one Side, told him that he really knew
D 4 nothing

nothing of its not being a good Guinea, and that he had no more Money about him at that Time, but as he should return in a few Days and make his House his Home till he was chosen Member of Parliament, he imagined so small a Sum would not break Squares.

“ You a Member of Parliament,” says *Coaxum*, “ that intend to palm a bad Guinea upon me ; zounds, Sir, I will have my Money before you leave this House : you are a likely Man to come back to set up for a Parliament Man, who cannot pay eighteen Shillings ; Sir, you have abused Mr. *Snap* and myself in endeavouring to make us believe that you were a rich Man, and intended to represent the Borough of * * * * I would not have had such a Thing happen in my House for a Hundred Pounds ; it is a Thousand to one but as I introduced you to Mr. *Snap*, he will think I imposed upon him, I have lost his Interest and his Custom for ever.”

Popkins then told his Distress to *Cook*, who being left alone in the Parlour, was gently playing off a Speech in *Othello*, adding, that the Guinea was certainly good which he received at *Bristol*, and he could

could not conceive how it came to be altered.

“If thou doest slander me,” says *Cook* in *Othello's* Strain. “You my Friend, no
“py Cor hur peliefe hur whas an honest
“Fellow.”

Now it seems there was one part of the Conversation between the *Jew* and these two Christians, which we had forgotten to mention to our Readers, this was, that during the Time the *Jew* pronounced himself richer than them both, Mr. *Popkins* offered to lay a Wager of a Guinea, that he was ten Times as rich as any *Jew*, and threw the Guinea on the Table.

THIS Opportunity *Levi* took of pretending to see if it was a Guinea, and by a Legerdemain natural to that People, put the gilt Shilling in its Place.

Now as doing Justice to all Mankind is the most amiable Character amongst Men, we here take upon us to vindicate the M—r, who undoubtedly seeing deeper into Things than common Eyes, must have had his Reasons for endeavouring to naturalize the *Jews*.

THIS we presume may be explained in the following manner; as our Gold is continually travelling into *Germany* in Subsidies, it will probably not be long till there shall not remain in one Man's possession, enough to gild a Lord Mayor's Coach; on which account he conceives this skilful moral Race, ought to be introduced amongst us, to communicate the Art of passing Silver for Gold, and preserve the Appearance of Specie in this Kingdom, almost half eaten up already with Paper; this Invention has one farther Advantage, which is, that by only enacting it to be of equal Value with Gold, there is immediately two Thousand *per Cent.* gained to the Nation, and the public Debts may be easily discharged during that Valuation, which perhaps, if this Method is not taken, may be paid in the *Irish* way of speaking, by not being paid at all.

To return to our History. This Action of the *Jew* was remembered by Mr. Cook, who recollecting the *Jew's* looking upon the Guinea, thence suggested the Change was made by that itinerant Trader, which Thought was firmly believed by Mr. Popkins.

THIS

THIS Surmise, however probable, was yet but a very small Assistance to the paying the Reckoning; the Landlord insisted on being paid, and asked if they had either Watches or Silver Buckles? neither of which being to be found upon them, Limbo was the Word.

MR. *Popkins* expostulated with the Landlord, on his and Mr. *Snap's* having drank their Share of the Wine, which they ought to pay for; and mine Host of the *Rose and Crown* in return asserted, that they were his Guests, and the whole Reckoning ought to lye at his Door.

DURING this Dispute the *Newbury* Stage-Coach stopt at the Inn to suffer the Passengers to breakfast, and who should sally from the Coach but *Levi* the Jew returning to *London*, him *Popkins* seized instantly, and vowed he would carry him before a Justice of the Peace and swear a Theft against him, if he did not immediately restore him his Guinea which he had changed.

THIS Accusation the Jew for a long while asserted to be false, but Mr. *Popkins* persisting, and Mr. *Cook* abetting the Charge, the *Israelite*, indeed, in whom there was

Guile, refunded the true Guinea and took back the gilt Shilling.

THIS Exchange being made, Mr. *Papkins* told the Landlord, " he whas a scurfy
" Knase, look you ; and hur shall see that
" hur whill rite py in her Coach, and pe a
" Parliament Man has whell as the pest of
" them."

" A VERY pretty Fellow to sit in Par-
" liament, *Sbenking ap Shone* in Parliament!
" who would have cheated me with a false
" Guinea," says Mr. *Coaxum* ; when Mr.
Cook cried,

*Peace Caitiff,
An honest Man he is, and bates the Slime
That sticks on filthy Deeds.*

SAYING this they both quitted the Inn, the Exciseman to take Possession of thirty Thousand Pounds, and Mr. *Cook* an Income of Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

AND here as we have freed them from Durance, we intend freeing ourselves from continuing this Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXII.

The Journey continued. A sudden Thought of Mr. Cook's rather prematurely conceived. The Manners of Londoners to Strangers; and a most sorrowful, theatrical, pathetic Parting, taken by Mr. Cook of Mr. Popkins.

THE Sense of this Injury was soon dissipated, each being entirely lost in the Happiness of the coming Moment; when Mr. Cook starting from a deep Reverie, said, he thought Blue laced with Gold, and a Scarlet Waistcoat and Breeches, was a genteel Dress, and that, with a Bag-wig and Sword, should be his first Suit. Mr. Popkins approved of this Manner of Dressing, and said he would have something of that kind also.

It was remarkable in this Pair, that as Ships sail best with only Ballast, when the Cargo is discharged; so the Exciseman and Tragedian, being much lighten'd of their Treasure, advanced a greater Pace upon the Road: Each of them had a Friend to go to in Town; Mr. Popkins to his Cousin, who kept an Ale-house in *Westminster*; and Mr. Cook to a Fellow-'prentice, who was settled in *Covent-garden*.

It

It has been observed also, by most excellent Grooms, that great Feeding has much ill Influence on the Wind of a Horse in Running, for which Reason your Racers are kept upon spare Diet. In like manner these Gentlemen, as their Course was pretty long that Day, kept their Bodies in good Order for the Race: Perhaps there was yet another Reason, which a shrewd ministerial Capacity might discover from their having but three Shillings between them.

THE Evening brought them with weary Legs to *London*; but as they came through *Hounslow, Brentford, Hammer-smith, and Kensington*, like a Horse which has been accustomed to carry a tippling Country Squire, they had a great mind to call at every Ale-House; but then the *Vacuum* in the Pocket mounting to their Heads, like the Dove returning to the Ark, told them there was no Rest for the Soles of their Feet, till they arrived at *London*; which contains as great Variety of all God's Creation, as the Building of *Noah*, besides innumerable Mules and Mungrils of a mix'd Breed, generated since that Time.

WHEN they arrived at *Hyde-park Corner*, Mr. *Popkins* ask'd the first Man he saw, if he

he knew his Cousin *Griffey Popkins* ? "Where
 " does he live," says the Fellow ; " In
 " *Lonton*," says the Exciseman. " What
 " Part," ask'd the other ; " O Lort ! hur
 " cannot tell that, inteed ; put hit whas the
 " Sign of the *Welch Harp*, look you," says
 Mr. *Popkins*. " Sblood," says the Fellow,
 " *London* is seven Miles long, and holds a
 " Million of Souls ; and there are more
 " *Welch Harps* in it than *St. David* ever
 " play'd upon. How the Devil do you
 " imagine your Cousin can be found out,
 " unless you can tell in what Street he
 " lives ?" Mr. *Cook* indeed had Directions
 to his Friend.

" O CHA vee," says *Popkins* to *Cook*, " he
 " whas fery apusive Fellow on *St. Tavid*;
 " inteed, hur whas told that no pody in
 " *Lonton* woud tell hur something for no-
 " thing ; to pe sure he toes know where
 " hur Cousin toes life ; there whas no Man
 " more famous for selling Peer in all *Lon-*
 " *ton*; in *Carmarthen*, which whas pig Town
 " too, all the Worlt toes know the *Pumper*
 " and the *Red Lion*, to pe sure they must
 " to the saame in *Lonton*; efery pody must
 " know hur Cousin *Griffey Popkins*, at the
 " Sign of the *Welch Harp*."

WHILST

WHILST these two Gentlemen were thus talking, and walking on, who should meet Mr. *Popkins*, but the Servant of a *Welch* Member of Parliament; who, after welcoming him to Town, which Welcome was well receiv'd, propos'd to conduct him to his Cousin *Popkins's*, near *Westminster Abbey*.

MR. *Cook* took Leave of Mr. *Popkins* with Expressions of much Tenderness and Gratitude, closing with,

Oh insupportable! Oh heavy Hour!
Metbinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sun and Moon; and that th' affrighted
Globe

Should yawn at Separation.

Having pronounced these Words, these Companions parted, with a Resolution to see one the other, as soon as possible.

MR. *Popkins* therefore, with his *Welch* Friend, went directly to his Cousin's; for which Reason, as being prodigiously well-bred, we shall conduct Mr. *Cook*, who was left alone in a strange Place, to *Covent Garden*; where having shewed him his Friend's House, and knocked at the Door, we shall take our Leave of him, and this Chapter.

C H A P. XXXIII.

The old Story of the Ass and the two Bundles of Hay, newly applied to the Author. The different ways of Starving in Wits and Misers; and the Opinion of the People consulted, in Imitation of our Betters, and followed; which is not in Imitation of them.

EVERY Reader must have heard or read of the Ass between two Bundles of Hay, which Situation had like to have starved him, in the midst of Plenty; and every Writer must have found himself in the same Situation, mentally considered; because Authors, tho' they are very often starved, yet are they very rarely famish'd in the midst of Plenty, that Happiness has been reserved for Misers only; Providence, not chusing to grant every Blessing to every body, has ordained Authors to starve thro' want of Possessions, and Misers to starve thro' want of a Heart to use them.

HOWEVER, the Allusion we design of the Ass, is extremely apposite to our present Situation, in not knowing to which Bundle to turn, the Exciseman or the Tragedian. If we consider the Importance of the Discovery that Mr. *Popkins* is come to deliver, undoubt-

undoubtedly we must seem inclined to give him the Preference; and if we turn our Eye on the important Parts which Mr. *Cook* is to act, we are suspended, like the Tomb of *Mabomet*, not able to move up or down; which, tho' not true, serves very well for a Simile; or like the Ass, either able to take a Morsel on one Side or the other.

ON one Part, the national Good operates extremely strong in our Mind; on the other, the national Pleasure. And here, if we followed the Maxims of our Betters, we should not hesitate a Moment on which Side to turn, the Diversions of the Town being entirely neglected, and the Kingdom in a most admirable Posture of Defence; but as we humbly presume that the Apprehensions of a *French* War, and national Welfare, are not Objects which ought to out-weigh the Considerations of Masquerades, Operas, and the Utility of broad Wheels, we cannot, without much Deliberation, precipitately prefer the Account of either Gentleman's Proceedings; we therefore take this Opportunity to print this Chapter, to know thoroughly the Sense of the Nation, before we absolutely determine upon a Matter of so much Moment to a whole Kingdom, as preferring Mr. *Popkins* to Mr. *Cook*, or the Tragedian to the Exciseman.

C H A P XXXIV.

A decisive Letter, where the Truth may be gather'd from the Postscript. Mr. Popkins's civil Reception at his Cousin Griffith's, civilly returned by that Gentleman.

HAVING then waited a due Time to take the Sense of this Nation upon the foregoing Subject, it is with Pleasure we can tell our Readers, that we have received Answers innumerable, entirely corresponding to what we wished would be the Sense of all Men; but as we have received none so satisfactory as one Letter from a celebrated Presbyterian Friend of ours, in the West, we chuse to give our Readers that, *Verbatim & Literatim*, as it came to Hand.

To * * * * *

S I R,

“ **T**H O’ I very much admire your Mo-
 “ desty in proposing so material an
 “ Enquiry, as that in your Chapter, to the
 “ public Decision, I cannot avoid thinking,
 “ that you ought to have determined in
 “ favour of Mr. Popkins, from your own
 “ Judgment; for notwithstanding we hear
 “ that Pleasures and Pass-times make up a
 “ great

" great Share of our Noblemens Employ-
 " ment and Study, yet we cannot avoid
 " thinking, tho' you have shewn that Mr.
 " *Popkins* was mistaken in his Object, that
 " the Zeal for the Preservation of our most
 " gracious S——n, should be prefer'd to
 " all other Considerations, particularly when
 " there is no Danger.

" THE very Idea of a *Popish* Pretender,
 " though in fact no more than an *Indian*
 " Prince, is a terrible thing to every Pro-
 " testant, who has this happy Establishment
 " at Heart,

" WITH what parental Care does his
 " M——y superintend, not only this Na-
 " tion, but all G——y? Not confined, like
 " his narrow-minded Ancestors, within the
 " limited Consideration of his B——b Sub-
 " jects Welfare, he imitates his great Crea-
 " tor, which beholds with equal Favour
 " the creeping Ant, and lofty-looking *Bri-*
 " *ton*; he superintends his little G——n
 " Dominions, with a Care not inferior to
 " those of this Realm, daring even at this
 " Time, with the Risque of his precious
 " Life, the Face of Danger, Seas and
 " Tempests, to secure and fortify the Fee-
 " ble; whilst he leaves the Strong, at the
 " Eye,

“ Eve of War, to the Care of Providence,
 “ and the Duke of * * * * *

“ WITH what Solitude does he labour
 “ for the Welfare of the G——c Body, in
 “ giving them a King of the *Romans*?
 “ Such is his disinterested Behaviour, he re-
 “ gards it with little less Attention than the
 “ Education of his own Successor; the
 “ poor and hungry Electors he charitably
 “ supplies from his own Dominions; his
 “ tender Heart cannot bear to hear of
 “ Princes in Distress, without relieving
 “ them.

“ WITH what joyful Eyes must he be
 “ beheld by his Subjects, who is ever pro-
 “ pagating Arts and Sciences, rewarding, en-
 “ couraging, and preferring Men of Learn-
 “ ing and Genius, from his own private
 “ Munificence; whilst the Kings of *Prussia*,
 “ *France*, and *Spain*, are depressing Merit,
 “ wherever it dares to shew its Head?

“ How does this Nation thrive from
 “ that parental Fondness? How are the
 “ other Kingdoms declining from the In-
 “ attention of their Sovereigns and Mi-
 “ nisters?

“ THERE

“ THEREFORE let me intreat you to let
 ‘ Mr. *Popkins* be first brought forward, and
 ‘ Mr. *Cook* only take the second Place.

“ *I am,*

“ *Your most humble Servant,*

THO. FLATTERWOOD.

“ *P. S.* OUR Lives and Fortunes are all
 “ ready at a Moment’s Warning. Your
 “ Thoughts on an Invasion would be agree-
 “ able at this Time, if the Pretender’s Son is
 “ like to come over ; and what would be the
 “ Event, for the Sake of our Government
 “ in Stocks, and other Matters of that Na-
 “ ture ; whether it would not be best to
 “ sell out, and conceal our Money thro’
 “ Fear of such Accident, till Matters are
 “ settled one way or the other.”

THIS Letter then, speaking entirely our Sentiments, we have given it, as a thing which must effectually bear down all Party-opposition in favour of Mr. *Cook*.

MR. *Popkins* then, being arrived at his Cousin’s House, was civilly received ; and as it was late, and his Friend’s Master, the
 Parlia-

Parliament Man, not to be spoken with that Evening, he contented himself with the good Cheer which his Cousin gave him; for Hospitality is the undeviating Characteristic of a *Welchman*.

THE Evening passing on, Mr. *Popkins*, the *Londoner*, enquired what was the Cause of his Cousin's Journey to Town. The Exciseman being warmed with his cordial Reception, added to some Tankards of Porter which he had swallowed, told him, that he was come to receive thirty thousand Pounds, which he believed within two Days he should have in his Pocket: Then asking how many Children his Cousin had, and being answered six, he said he would provide for them all. "Taak no Care, taak no Care, *Griffey*," says he, "if you chuse it, you shall have either a creat Place at Court, or keep a creat Hinn upon the Roat, Cofin, whan you shall pe sure of; put hask hur no Questions, you shall hear more To-morrow."

THIS Speech indeed ran very much in the *Londoner's* Head; he could not reconcile this Power and Riches of his Cousin with his present Appearance; but as he had a great Inclination to believe what his Cousin

fin had said, he doubled his Civilities, as did his Wife also.

THE Evening was spent merrily on all Sides, till the sleepy Dews of Porter had descended on the Eye-lids of the Company; when all retiring to Rest, we follow their Example, and withdraw from our Readers.

C H A P. XXXV.

Mr. Popkins waits on a Member of Parliament. A Discovery of an Invasion by the Pretender's Son, a Scotch Surgeon, Irish Lieutenant, and Welch Parson, almost as dreadful as B—w's Rag-plot. The great Man consults another greater Man, and a Decision on that Head; which may make both Whigs and Tories, who are not in the Secret, stare a little. A M—r in great Distress, relieved from not quite, yet almost f—g his B—s.

IT was agreed this Evening, that the Member of Parliament's Servant should wait on Mr. Popkins next Morning, and attend him to his Master, who was to conduct him to the great Man.

THIS being done, he waited on * * * *
 * * * * * Esq; to whom he said he
 had the most important Business with the
 great Man, which was as much as all *Eng-*
land was worth, and desired he would intro-
 duce him.

THIS the Member agreed to transact,
 first knowing the Business; and the Excise-
 man refused the Discovery, till it was first
 reveal'd to the great Man. Indeed he would
 have offered him a thousand Pounds for his
 Trouble; but as he knew Members of Par-
 liament never take Bribes, and are actuated
 only by their Country's Good, free from all
 Thoughts of Reward, he thought that Ap-
 plication would be an Affront.

AT length however, the Member was
 prevailed on; and away they went, in a
 Hackney-coach, to the great Man's.

THIS Guardian of the State was not at
 home, till the Senator said he came on Mat-
 ters of great Importance, relating to the
 * * * *; he was then introduced, his Great-
 ness being suddenly returned, without go-
 ing abroad.

MR. *Popkins* then being received, declared he knew where the Son of the Pretender was concealed in *England*; that he was come for the thirty thousand Pounds, and would bring his Head directly, if he pleased.

THE great Man then ask'd where he was; and Mr. *Popkins* answered, by desiring some Soldiers to fetch him, for he was landed in *England*, with two *Scotch* and one *Welch* Man, with a Design to make a Rebellion. This Article of Intelligence was astonishing to the great Man; however, first running his Nose into the Exciseman's Wig, and then into the Senator's, he whisper'd them to say nothing of it, but that To-morrow Morning they should have his Answer; he then insisted on Silence and Secrecy a second Time, with a second Whisper, performed like the first, and dismissed the two Gentlemen.

THIS Evening the great Man consulted another Man, who is yet greater than him; though he winds along the World, like an Adder thro' the Grass, silent, and leaving no Path behind him, keeping his Sting for a favourable Opportunity.

It was this Gentleman's Opinion, that the Pretender's Son should by no means be destroyed. "If you do, my Lord," says he, "you lose your best Friend. Whom will you have to offer to your Master at certain Times? whom to the People, when you intend raising Money? The *Jacobites* are already expired, and the very Name cannot be kept long alive, if this young Man be destroy'd.

"THE royal Family must then listen to the Tories, who you know are from Principle more inclined to Kings than Whigs, against whom nothing can then be said with the least Shew of Truth, and thus you will lose by his Death an irretrievable Advantage; he must be preserved, at all Hazards.

"It is only necessary that the thing be kept secret; get from the *Welchman* the Place he is at, if he be in *England*, which I much doubt, and give him some secret Intimation, that he leave the Kingdom with all Expedition."

THIS the great Man agreed to. And in this Place we cannot avoid doing Justice, by taking Notice that there are some Noble-

E 2

men,

men, who imagine this Advice was given from Attachment to the Family of *Stuart*; but we take upon us to assert, that the whole is a Mistake, that Man, tho' having the Honour of being very near the * * * * * having no Attachment to any one human Being but himself, and his own Interest; and this we shall fully prove to every the most partial Person, in our *Treatise on the modern Manner of educating a Prince*, now ready for the Press; and in *A Collection of select Lies*, dedicated to his * * * * *

THIS Evening the Exciseman talked in very high Strains; the next Morning he and his Senator waited upon the great Man again, when whom should they meet but *Cannassatego* the *Indian* Chief; he had by this time arrived at *Portsmouth* in the Ship, and coming to *London*, was now drest in the *European* Manner, and that Morning attended to be introduced to the great Man.

HIM Mr. *Popkins* soon discovered, and whispered his Friend that the Pretender's Son was in the Room.

THIS made the Exciseman tremble, lest some happier Man than himself should have brought him there a Prisoner, and all his
 3 thirty

thirty thousand Pounds vanish, or lest he should be present with Intention to kill the great Man; either of which would have much disconcerted his Designs.

THEY therefore, both the Senator and *Popkins*, thought it necessary to be introduced immediately; which being permitted, the Exciseman declared with much Agitation, that the Pretender's Son was now disguised in his Grace's House, with a view to kill him, as he believed, he saw him as he came in; and that if he pleased, with a few more he would seize him.

THIS terrified the great Man amazingly, he knew not what to do, his Counsellor was not there. "Where is Mr. ———," he cried, "run some one to *Saville House*;" he was afraid to stay or to go; his Courage, which is so remarkably great at all other Times, deserted him on this Occasion; he was seized with a Pain a-cross his Back, and retired to the Water-closet two or three Times; ran from one Corner of the Room to the other; was in haste to go to the * * * * and yet dared not stir a Foot.

AT length having sent for a File of Guards, Mr. *Popkins* marched boldly at their Head into the Room, and manfully

seized the *Indian* Chief, swearing he had him secure; he was immediately carried before the great Man, when whom should this appear to be, but *Cannassatego* the *Indian* Prince.

THIS Discovery, like some Discoveries in Love, where the Husband and Wife have different Paramours, was most agreeable to the great Man, and most disagreeable to the Exciseman; six Hours after, the first recovered his Power of Laughing.

Popkins however must be provided for, on account of his Zeal, and this signal Service designed his Country: He was charged to give out, that the Pretender's Son had been lately in *England*.

He was then ask'd, whether he would chuse to be made a Parson, and then Canon of *Windsor*; or remain in the Excise, and be a Supervisor in *Wales*. "O cha vee," says *Popkins*, "hur whill not pe a Cannen of "*Whintbfor*; faith, hur whas no In'former; "the News-papers tid say, that whas In-
"former's Place, hur whot not keep Com-
"pany with Informers, look you; hur
"whill pe Superfisor." Which Post being accordingly obtained, he returned to his Friend's very dejected for several Days: At
last

last he proceeded into *Wales*, where he still continues to believe that this *Indian* Prince was no other than the Pretender's Son in Disguise. And thus we have given this History its full Scope, on Purpose to shew what disinterested Care his Majesty's Subjects manifest to preserve this happy Establishment, and what Rewards are bestowed by the Ministry on Men who make useful Discoveries; both which things are denied by many People, who do not wish well to the present Administration.

C H A P. XXXVI.

The Patentee and Player are presented to the Reader's Eyes. A Chapter very necessary for all who intend to study the Stage, as far as it relates to one Theatre.

WE must now turn our Eyes on the long-neglected Mr. *Cook*, assuring our Readers, that nothing but the Welfare of the State could have had this Influence on us, and withheld us from so promising a Person.

THIS young Gentleman, the Day after his Arrival, after conferring with his Fel-

low-apprentice, who imagined he was come to Town to learn the newest Fashion of making those Integuments of the Head, known by the Names of Scratches, Bags, Bobs, Brigadiers, Queues, and Ties, proposed waiting on Mr. R—b, and to offer himself for the Stage.

BEING then spruced up, with a clean Shirt, and a powder'd Bag-perriwig, lent him from his Friend's Shop, he repaired to this Gentleman's House, and desiring to speak with him, he was answered that he was at home. Being then introduced, he told him very submissively, that he was come to offer himself as a Player, and should be extremely glad if he might have the Opportunity of shewing him what he could perform; that a Sett of Players in the West had given him Encouragement to offer himself to him particularly, as the only Person who was a good Judge of Action, or could instruct a young Player.

THIS Mr. R—b, after having pass'd about five Minutes in taking Snuff, and not being displeased with the Speech, answer'd, by asking if he had ever seen a Play in *London*? This Question was replied to by a "No, Sir." "Well then," says this Monarch of one theatrical World, "you may pro-
bably

“ bably be good for something. For,” says he, “ by —, if you had copied either *Sberidan*, or any of the other Players which now are upon the Stage, I would not give Sixpence for your Playing. Believe me, Sir,” after another Pause of taking Snuff, “ there is not a Player can speak a Line, who now treads the Stage, either Man or Woman.

“ THERE’S *Garrick*,” says he, “ the Darling of the Town, he has no Fire, no Freedom of Action; his Eyes express nothing, and his Features are quite unmeaning; no Feeling in any Part; and yet there are many People of Sense too, whom I could never prevail on to think he was a bad Player. Mrs. *Pritchard* amongst the Women, just such another as *Garrick* amongst Men, can’t speak a Word of Dialogue.

“ PRAY, Sir,” says he, “ where were you bred;” “ at *Barnstaple*, Sir,” replies *Cook*. “ That is no University, I hope,” says *R—b*; “ no, Sir,” answered *Cook*. “ I am glad of that,” says *R—b*; “ for these Fellows, who are bred Scholars, imagine that Learning is necessary to make an Actor; will you believe it, Sir?” here another Pause of Snuff. “ I

“ never could prevail on one of these Scho-
 “ lars to listen to one Word of my In-
 “ structions.” “ That’s pity, Sir,” says
Cook; “ I am sure I shall.” “ Here’s
 “ Mr. *Murphy*, because he’s a good Scho-
 “ lar, a genteel Figure, has Freedom of
 “ Action, and Sensibility of Soul, believes
 “ he’s a good Actor: This Notion indeed,
 “ the wrong Taste of the Audience has a
 “ good deal encouraged in him, by which
 “ means, he really pays no kind of Regard
 “ to my Instructions; and therefore tis ten
 “ to one but he goes to the other House,
 “ and becomes altogether as bad a Player
 “ as Mr. *Garrick*.”

“ SIR,” replies *Cook*, “ I was told you
 “ were the only Encourager of Merit in
 “ Players; and Mr. *Garrick* never took
 “ Notice of them.”

“ PRAY,” says *R—b*, “ who told you
 “ that?” “ Mr. *Archer* the Player,” an-
 “ swered *Cook*, “ who is Master of a Com-
 “ pany in the West.” “ Mr. *Archer* is a
 “ Man of Sense; and tho’ he travels the
 “ Country as a Stroller, is a better Player
 “ than any in *London*, I aver it,” says
R—b.

“ BUT

"But pray, Sir," again pausing to take Snuff, "what Parts have you studied?"

"*Othello*," says Cook. "Aye, *Othello*; why "all you Players begin with a black Face," says the Monarch of Monarchs, Lord of Lords, and Ruler of Princes; "have you "ever tried Comedy?" "No indeed," answered Cook, "I have not; but there is "*Hamlet*, and *Jaffier*, and *Polydore*, and "several other Parts, which I have play'd "in the Country." "Well then," says the Patentee, "give me the Soliloquy in "*Hamlet*."

At these Words Mr. Cook began, "To "be, or not to be;" beginning and ending with an extremely low Bow to Mr. R—b; which Bows were well received, and added Weight to the Speaking.

"Why this may do, Mr. Cook; I thi—nk "your Name is C-o-o-k," taking Snuff thro' the Words *think* and *Cook*—"You have a Genius for the Stage, you copy nobody, you are "an Original, yet there must be much Pains "to instruct you; therefore, hark you, Sir: "If you will confine yourself to my Instruction, I shall give you two Hundred a Year, "and a Benefit; you may not play these "two Years, but your Salary begins this "Day;

“ Day ; but on Condition only, that you
 “ are instructed by me alone ; and ha-rk-ee,
 “ remark my Attitudes in Harlequin, carry
 “ them into Tragedy, and you’ll succeed.”
 “ Yes, Sir,” replied *Cook*.

THIS Offer, tho’ short of his imagined Sum, was too near it to be refused ; and Mr. *Cook* is now, like a Race-horse in Sweats, training under that great Master of theatric Knowledge ; and when he comes forth, we dare to pronounce, the Town will be regaled in a Manner which it has not hitherto been accustomed to ; in which Mr. *R—b*’s Knowledge of Plays, grafted on Mr. *Cook*’s Genius for acting them, will produce a Fruit never yet tasted by the Connoisseurs in theatrical Entertainments, something like a Crab grafted on a Medlar ; a happy Union of the Crude and Rotten.

HAVING thus settled Mr. *Cook*, we return to the main Story of this true History, hoping that this instructive Episode will meet the universal Applause of all our Readers.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVII.

*A Return to the Ship * * * * *, the Honourable Captain Bounce, Miss Lydia, Mr. Probit, and all the Crew. A small Sketch of tender Parting, Mrs. Rachael infected by another Dropsy; happily cured in the same way with the former.*

WE must now turn our Eyes towards the * * * * *, commanded by the Honourable Captain *Bounce*, and his Crew, arrived at *Portsmouth*. *Mac Valor*, *Probit*, and *Parson Pugh*, as well as all the Men, Officers and common Sailors, except *Macpherson*, were determined to accuse the Captain of Cowardice; which being accordingly done, this Commander was to be tried by a Court-martial in *London*.

Now it seems, that during this Voyage, the Uncle of Lieutenant *Probit*, his Son, and his own Father, were dead, and an Estate of Five thousand a Year was fallen to him, with the Title of Earl of *Liberal*. At his Arrival at *Portsmouth*, he found a Letter, requiring his Attendance in the Country, without telling him the Reason; he therefore quitted his Commission, and took Post for his Estate in *Devonshire*, first of all protest-

protesting his Love for Miss *Lydia Fairchild*, accompanied with every tender Look and Expression, that true Passion can dictate: He left her where to write to him, and implored her to tell him where she lodged in *London*; "a few Days, my lovely
 " Maid, shall bring me to your Arms, and
 " make me happy with you, where Happiness is only to be found." He then parted from her; when she thanked him for all that Tenderness and Affection which he had manifested during the Voyage, promising never to forget his Goodness; the Evidence of this Truth was silent Tears on each Side, and reciprocal Affection.

Miss *Lydia* having taken a Place in the Stage-coach for *London*, came directed to a Merchant's in the City, from another at *New York*, who was to give her Intelligence of her Mother.

DURING the Journey, a Melancholy hung round her Heart, which was inexplicable; she imagined that it was on the Account of quitting Mr. *Probit*, whom she dearly loved, yet she seemed to forebode that was not the Cause; however, nothing could divert this dreadful Anxiety, which hung upon her Bosom.

MRS.

MRS. *Racbael Stiffrump* being cured of her Dropsy, which was her only Errand to *England*, tarried a little while at *Portsmouth*, and finding a Ship returning to *New York*, agreed for a Passage with the Captain; during which Voyage, alas! such is the Fate of Things, Mrs. *Racbael*, was infected of another Dropsy by the Captain; the Nature of this particular Disease being always such, that the Person who has been once infected by it, is much likelier to catch it a second Time than the first: She therefore returned to *New York*, and was cured as in the former way, neither her Hypocrisy or her Voyage having availed her any thing. Mr. *Maultext* had taken a Wife from amongst the Saints during her Absence; and thus ends the Account of Mrs. *Racbael Stiffrump*, and this Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P XXXVIII.

Miss Lydia arrives at London. The Character of two honest Merchants; and Distress of a virtuous Woman; with some Passages which all People may not read with dry Eyes.

MISS Lydia being arrived at London, waited on the Merchant to whom she was directed; and then enquiring for her Parents, was informed that her Mother was still living; “but, Miss,” says the Gentleman, “in a Manner I am sorry to tell you; her Distress is great; I have assisted her as much as I could; the World has frown’d on my Endeavours, almost equally with hers. Your dear Father and I, but I will not give you Pain the Moment of your Arrival; I have often grieved it has not been possible for me to execute all I design’d.”

“SIR,” says she, “this Account has one Pleasure attending it; I shall now have it in my Power to prove that Absence has not destroyed my filial Duty, and that little I possess is entirely devoted to her Service.” “Heaven, Miss, will never

“ never suffer such Piety to pass unreward-
“ ed,” says Mr. *Probus*.

THE next Morning this Gentleman wait-
ed on Miss *Lydia* to her Mother's Lodging,
which indeed was such, as made her Heart
ache-at the Entrance of the Door.

HOWEVER, when she had ascended a lit-
tle dirty Stair-case, and enter'd a Room, in
which every thing spoke more than Misery,
her Heart was almost suspending to beat
within her Bosom. “ Good Heaven,” she
softly said, “ is my Parent reduced to this
“ Distress.”

I HAVE omitted to tell you, that the
Discovery of who this young Lady was,
had been agreed to be disclosed by Degrees
to the Mother.

AT there coming in, they found her in
an old Silk-gown, the Remains of former
Days and better Apparel, more striking
Token of Wretchedness than Rags, sigh-
ing over a Fire, which only increased the
Sensation of Cold by its Smallness.

AT their Entrance, Mr. *Probus* said,
“ Madam, how do you do To-day?”
“ Always better when I behold you, my
“ only

" only Friend," she answer'd ; " But who
 " is this Stranger whom you have intro-
 " duced to this Scene of Misery ? Young
 " People should not be intimidated to enter
 " on the World by such Objects as I am,"
 she said, sighing from her Heart. " A
 " Friend of mine," says the Merchant.
 " Alas !" says the old Lady, " she puts
 " me in mind of my poor *Lydia*, whom I
 " left a Child at *New York*, whose Image,
 " tho' I know it not, has for these three
 " Nights been continually in Dreams be-
 " fore my Eyes, much like this Lady.
 " Heaven preserve my dear Child a Stran-
 " ger to her Mother's Misery."

THIS Miss *Lydia* could not sustain, but
 dropping on her Knees, embraced her Mo-
 ther, crying out, with a Flood of Tears,
 " I am that *Lydia* whom you mention,
 " come to your Relief ; come to soothe
 " your declining Years, and yield you Hap-
 " piness, if all my little Abilities can obtain
 " it." " My Child !" cried the Mother,
 and sunk into a Swoon : The good Man
 and dutiful Daughter soon recovered her ;
 when she utter'd, " I hoped at least that
 " my Misery would have been concealed
 " from your Knowledge, my dear *Lydia* ; if
 " any Gleam of Pleasure ever stole upon my
 " wretched Mind, to alleviate one Thought
 " of

“ of Misery, it was that alone.” They then embraced each other tenderly, the Merchant looking on with Tears of Approbation.

AFTER some time spent together, he ask'd the young Lady whether he should get her a better Lodging; “ For me and “ my Mother, Sir, if you please.” “ But “ for you To-night only,” says he; “ No, “ Sir, Misery shall not divide me from my “ Parent,” says she, “ the Habitation and “ Bed which has so long held the Woman “ who bore me to the World, shall be “ mine till we both remove together.”

“ HEAVEN preserve thee, lovely Maid, “ thou Pattern of filial Piety,” said the good Merchant, weeping as he gazed upon her. He then took his Leave, and employ'd the next Day in seeking for a more commodious and neat Lodging for Miss *Fairchild* and her Mamma; which being found, they retir'd to it that Evening.

THE old Lady, when Mr. *Probus* was gone, said to Miss *Lydia*, “ To this “ Man it is, my dear Child, that I have “ owed my whole Subsistence since your “ dear Father left this World. After our “ retiring from *New York*, Mr. *Fairchild* “ and

“ and he were united in Trade together
“ here in *London* ; and such was their Be-
“ haviour, that no Men ever were more
“ esteemed for Probity ; yet it was the
“ Will of Heaven, repeated Losses, and
“ unforeseen Calamities, reduced their Cir-
“ cumstances, tho’ not their Credit. Not-
“ withstanding this, they never endeavour-
“ ed to give a false Gloss to their Affairs,
“ or run the Risque of other Mens Pro-
“ perty in Attempts to recover their own :
“ In truth, your dear Father and this wor-
“ thy Man, finding their Affairs so de-
“ clined, summoned their Creditors toge-
“ ther, and paid the whole they owed in
“ the World ; which having consumed every
“ thing that we possess’d, this brought a
“ lingering Illness on your Father ; which
“ perceiving, the best of Men, beholding
“ me with Tears of Affection, wringing
“ this wither’d Hand, and looking in this
“ Face with Tenderness ineffable, My *Nan-*
“ *ny*, I am happier than you, he cried ;
“ this Heart, which has ever been warm’d
“ with Love of you alone, is now break-
“ ing ; I am soon to be removed from
“ Pain, indeed I am already from all but
“ what I feel on your Account. At this
“ Time I tried all my fond Imagination
“ could suggest to give him Spirits ; I told
“ him Heaven had Happiness in Store for
“ him

“ him and me,” “ for you,” says he, “ I
“ hope, thou dear Partner of my Soul;
“ but I am going to taste it unalloyed with
“ earthly Pleasure ; this Day as every other
“ Mr. *Probus* visited him with true Friend-
“ ship, when your dear Parent expressing
“ himself with great Fear and Anxiety,
“ on what would be the Lot of me after
“ his Death, that good Man promised him
“ to be my constant Friend ; this being
“ heard from his Lips which never uttered
“ a Falsehood, that best of Men your Pa-
“ rent reclined his Head upon the Pillow,
“ and slept away in all that Calmness, which
“ a righteous Life can only impart to the
“ dying Hour, and left me behind to Bit-
“ terness and Woe.”

“ THERE remained to this Gentleman
“ after all the Debts were paid, a small
“ Sum of Money in which I had no Share,
“ with this he purchased a small Annuity,
“ and from that Income he has distributed
“ all that has sustained me, since your dear
“ Parent's Death.”

THIS Account filled the whole Soul of
Miss *Lydia* with Affliction, the Tears
streamed from her Eyes ; she asked “ why
“ she had not communicated her Distress
“ by Letter to her ?” Ah Child ! replied
the

the Mother, "I would have preserved
" my Afflictions ever from your Know-
" ledge."

"MADAM," says the lovely Creature,
" what my dear dying Parent told you
" was true ; there are yet happier Days in
" store for you, I have brought the Means
" with me ;" this she pronounced with
that emphatic Earnestness, with which
those utter any Thought, who are convin-
ced from internal Sensation that it will
prove true. We shall now leave this love-
ly Creature for some Time, and turn our
Eyes towards the Lieutenant *Mac Valor*
and Parson *Pugh*, who had accused the
Captain of Cowardice, and who was to be
tried by a Court-martial.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXIX.

The honourable Captain Charles Bounce tried for Cowardice, and honourably acquitted. Mac Valor discharged, with the Reasons in a Dialogue between a M——r and two other Men.

THE Time being appointed for the Court-martial, Lord *Braggard* attended the Levee of * * * * * and told him “that his Son *Charles*, one of the bravest Commanders in his Majesty’s Service, was to be tried by a Court-martial for Cowardice; being accused of it by an *Irish* Rascal of a Lieutenant, and an ignorant *Welsh* Parson. You know my Lord,” added he, that both I and those Members who are chosen on my Interest, have never given a Vote against you, therefore my Boy must not be found guilty.”

“FOUND guilty! my Lord; no, my Lord, my Friends sha’nt be found guilty, give yourself no trouble, I must go to the * * * must go to the * * * ” when p—sing before the Company, he hurried to his Coach.

THE Members of this Court-martial were composed all of chosen Men, such as expected momentary Favours, and were in a slavish Dependance on the M——y, to whom it had been whispered that Captain *Bounce* was a great Favourite.

HOWEVER, Miss *Lydia*, hearing that the Captain was to be tried, tho' she would not wait on *Mac Valor*, yet knowing his honest and blunt Disposition, was afraid the Lieutenant would mention something relating to the Captain's Transactions with her; she therefore wrote him the following Letter, directed for Lieutenant *Mac Valor* at the Admiralty Coffee-house.

SIR,

“ AS I see in the public Papers that
 “ Captain *Bounce* is to be tried for
 “ Cowardice, I have taken the Liberty to
 “ send you this Letter, and request you
 “ that his Behaviour to me may not be
 “ mentioned at that Time. This does not
 “ arise from any favourable Opinion I en-
 “ tertain of him, or Inclination to screen
 “ him from Justice, but from Self-love
 “ only; tho' I know my own Innocence,
 “ and am confident you would risque your
 “ Life to defend my Character, yet such

THE

“ is

“ is the Temper of the World, a Story
 “ of that Nature spread abroad, lessens
 “ every Woman’s Reputation; it always
 “ leaves some depreciating Mark behind,
 “ in the Minds of too many of our own
 “ Sex; I shall become the Jest of infamous
 “ Women; which, tho’ I dread nothing
 “ but their Praise, I would choose
 “ rather to avoid, than be known, for an
 “ Adventure which I wish to have concealed.
 “ I know you will oblige me.

I am your most humble Servant,

LYDIA FAIRCHILD.”

THIS Letter prevented Lieutenant *Mac*
Valor from saying any thing relating to
 Miss *Lydia*.

THE Court-martial being set, the Accu-
 sation was supported in proving the Cap-
 tain’s Behaviour, with every Circumstance
 as it has been already related, by all that
 were called upon as Evidence; this how-
 ever was of no Consequence, the Honour-
 able Captain *Charles Bounce* was honourably
 acquitted, with Thanks for having taken
 such special Care of his Majesty’s Ship and
 Subjects; the Lieutenant was broke, and

the Parson had Orders to sell his Chaplainship.

Mac Valor was now looked upon with an invidious Eye by every one, as a wrong-headed Fellow that knew nothing of the Duty of a Seaman, rash and hot, and that he was justly dismissed the Service; it was universally agreed, that if a Commander was to be called in question by his Officers, and his Courage open to their Censure, no Man would be safe in his Majesty's Fleet; this Opinion however, not one of them chose to assert before *Mac Valor's* Face.

THE Lieutenant being thus causelessly disgraced, began to feel for his Family, that which he never could for himself; he therefore swore "he would be reinstated, "or kill Captain *Bounce* whenever he met "him;" the honourable Commander hearing this Resolution, obtained a Ship and sailed on another Cruize as soon as possible, dreading the Danger of the Seas much less than *Mac Valor's* Sword.

THERE was amongst the Lieutenant's Countrymen, a Gentleman who knew *Mac Valor's* Character, and thought this Treatment of him too severe; he therefore waited
on

on * * * * and told him the Story. "My
 " Lord," says he, " it seems extremely
 " hard, that Men of Courage and Conduct
 " must suffer in the manner in which Mr.
 " *Mac Valor* has suffered; if you had
 " thought fit to have acquitted Captain
 " *Bounce*, what Necessity was there to have
 " ruined *Mac Valor*? Is this the way to
 " have his Majesty and the Nation well
 " served, to honor and reward Cowardice,
 " and stigmatize true Courage.

" S I R, Sir, my Lord *Braggard* would
 " have it so; he has three Boroughs in his
 " Command, can't refuse a Lord with three
 " Boroughs," answered * * * * .

" M Y Lord," says Mr. * * * these
 " Boroughs will be the Ruin of the Na-
 " tion, if their Interest is such, that Men
 " must be undone and disgraced who sup-
 " port the Honour of their native Land,
 " and those honoured and rewarded who
 " bring eternal Infamy and Ruin on it.

" C A N'T help it, can't help it, Earl
 " *Braggard* will have it so, can't refuse a
 " Lord with three Boroughs, must go to
 " the * * * * , must go to the * * * * ,
 " Morning to you, Sir," and away he
 " hurries.

THUS *Mac Valor* was reduced to Ruin, and the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* thanked and rewarded: *Mac Valor* therefore, with the little Money which remained to him, withdrew into *Ireland*, where Hospitality yet making one Part of a Gentleman's Character, Men of Courage and Virtue cannot easily be reduced to great Necessity; swearing, "that if ever *Bounce* returned, the Sword should end their Lives;" and that he would make his Body shine "thro' the Sun."

PARSON *Pugh* retired into *Wales* to his Family, selling his Chaplainship and became a Curate.

Macpherson whose Evidence had been favourable for the Captain on his Trial, went out Surgeon with him, still in great Hopes of accomplishing his Observations, and writing a Treatise on the Nature of Gun-shot Wounds.

HAVING thus found Employment for some, and discharged others, we here discharge ourselves to return to Miss *Lydia*, and begin a new Chapter, reserving *Cannassatego* and his Remarks on this Nation, till we have advanced a great way on in this History.

C H A P. XL.

Lydia's Misfortunes commence from the Source of quaking Probity; her filial Piety and Resolution to support her Parent, manifested in Conversation with Mr. Probus.

MISS *Lydia Fairchild* it seems, when she determined to leave *New-York*, had put four Hundred Pounds of her Money into the Hands of *Jabez Sly*, a Quaker of great external Purity; this Man had given her Bills on Friend *Abraham Sly*, his Cousin in *London*.

HAVING then settled herself and her Mamma in genteel Lodgings, she waited on Mr. *Probus* to desire he would go to get her Bills accepted, this Gentleman accordingly did so; when to his great Pain and Astonishment, *Jabez* had by the Man of War which brought over the Bills on Friend *Abraham*, declared himself Insolvent; this then was a total Reduction of this Sum to nothing, at least for the present.

MR. *Probus* has been heard several times to say, that he believed no Misfortune in his Life ever touched him so severely

as this; he imagined that the Poor old Lady, his Friend, and this most dutiful of all Children, were reduced to immediate Misery.

THE Thoughts of imparting this News to them, was a Pain he would have avoided beyond all Things, but it must be done.

THE Day Miss *Lydia* came to receive an Answer to her Bills; *Probus* with all the Softness and Address which he was Master of, told her the unhappy Circumstances which attended her Bills.

“ My poor Parent,” says Miss *Fairechild*,
 “ will your Misery never end but with your
 “ Life? As to myself there are a thousand
 “ Things which I can do, and without re-
 “ pining to procure me Sustenance, and
 “ even Happiness; but how to get suffi-
 “ cient for both, for all the thousand
 “ Things which declining Life is in want
 “ of, that indeed makes me tremble.—
 “ However,” says she, “ I have fourscore
 “ Guineas, which I know not why I did
 “ not take Bills for also; this Sum will
 “ supply us a little while, till I can find
 “ some way of supporting my aged Pa-
 “ rent; something tells me,” says she,
 “ there is Happiness reserved for me.”

“ WITH-

“ WITHOUT doubt,” answered Mr. *Probus* with Tears of Approbation, such filial Pity has never yet been unrewarded by Heaven.”

“ EVEN this Distress is not totally void of Pleasure,” replied Miss *Fairchild*, “ I have never acquainted my dear Mother with the Sum I have brought over with me, this Loss therefore, shall be carefully concealed from her Knowledge, I fear the Shock would be too great for her present weak State, this gives me some Consolation; I will therefore take my Measures henceforth from my present Situation, and lead her insensibly to my working in some Shape or other, or serving some Lady; where being provided for myself, I can spare for her Support all that I get in that Service; indeed I hoped her future Days would have been rendered happy, by my softening every Care, and soothing every Pain; but the Will of Heaven has ordained it otherwise, I shall therefore endeavour to obey without repining.”

“ God bless thee, thou lovely Creature,” says Mr. *Probus*. She then took her Leave and returned to her Mother, appearing with

all possible Chearfulness before her, to make her remaining Life as easy as possible.

By insensible Degrees she acquainted Mrs. Fairchild with what she possessed, and her Desire to employ herself in something which might assist them, and by Degrees gave Hints of her Inclination to serve some young Lady in *London*; “when Ma-
“dam,” says she, I shall see you every
“Day, and from that Service save Money
“enough to make your Life more happy
“than it can otherwise be done, and this
“will add much Pleasure to mine.

“ALAS!” says the good old Woman,
“I was in Hopes to have enjoyed the Plea-
“sure of gazing on my *Lydia* all Day long,
“the only Joy I can now taste; but since
“Heaven has determined Things in an-
“other manner, I have been too long ac-
“customed to yield to its Dictates, and
“acquiesce tho’ with Pain in this. Alas!
“my dear Child, must Service be thy Lot
“to support thy feeble Parent? Why had
“not I dy’d before I beheld thy lovely
“Face, and brought the Sorrows which
“attend old Age and Want, on the Heart
“of Youth and Loveliness.”

“MA-

“MADAM,” says the amiable Creature,
“Heaven would not deprive me of the
“Joy which I feel, in being able to sup-
“port you; believe me, it is the greatest
“Pleasure of my Life.”

“HEAVENS!” says the Parent with up-
lifted Hands, and Eyes of Piety and Truth,
“look down with Pity on this duteous
“Child; may she taste Comfort in this
“Life, and my Woes exhaust the Sum,
“which might otherwise have fallen upon
“her.”

MISS *Fairchild* having thus prepared
her Mother for her Designs, began to feel
her Heart less anxious; she became ac-
quainted with a Milliner of Reputation, and
told her “she should be glad to work for
“her, or serve any Lady of good Cha-
“racter, as a Maid about her Person.”

THE Milliner had before this conceived
a great Affection for her, and had often
said, “she never saw a more amiable young
“Woman;” there were indeed many who
were more regular of Feature, tho’ few
better shaped; but in her Expression, Man-
ner, and Countenance, there was a Sweet-
ness which won upon all Hearts, an In-
nocence

nocence which is the most captivating to Minds which are truly formed, an Ease and Grace in all her Motions, and a total Appearance of being unconscious of her Beauty and amiable Qualities.

ONE Day as she came to the Shop of Mrs. *Makemode* (which was the Milliner's Name) there was a young Lady who was bespeaking some gay Apparel, with the same Dejection in her Face, that attends those who choose Mourning for the Death of those they love.

THE Face and Appearance of Miss *Lydia* could not pass unobserved by this Lady; she therefore enquired of Mrs. *Makemode* who *Lydia* was; and this Woman knowing Miss *Lydia*'s Inclination to serve a Lady, gave her the Character she deserved: This young Vicountess then exprest great Inclination to have her as a Servant, which being readily agreed to by Miss *Fairchild*, she was taken into her Service. This Lady we shall have farther Occasion to speak of, after telling our Readers what will be found in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XLI.

A short Chapter explaining the Reason of Lydia's Resolution to become a Servant to a Lady. Not unnatural in her State.

BESIDES the Loss of this Money by the Villainy of *Jabez Sly*, there was yet another Reason which had determined *Lydia* to serve some Lady; she had seen in the News-papers that Mr. *Probit* was become Earl of *Liberal*, by the Death of all those Relations between that Title and himself; this, tho' the first Thought gave her Joy, was immediately succeeded by a Pang which ran thro' her Heart; she now believed herself eternally secluded from the Arms of that Man, whom she loved more than Life.

BEFORE this Discovery, she resolved to write him a Letter where she might be found, according to their parting Promise; but this Alteration in his Fortune had deter'd her from that Proceeding: She saw herself in too humble a State for that Behaviour, and concluded that Title and Grandeur had erased the Thoughts of Love and

Lydia

Lydia from the Heart of Mr. *Probit*, now become Earl of *Liberal*.

THIS then added to her Losses, had determined this lovely Creature to serve some Gentlewoman or Lady, as a Maid about her Person; and the Chance of her being seen at Mrs. *Makemode's*, had fixed her in the Service of that Woman, whose History we are going to describe.

CH A P. XLII.

New Company. A Viscountess not overjoyed at being a Lady, in the first Month. Farther Proof of the Utility of the blessed Marriage-Act, exhibited in Guardians and their Wives. A Lord humbugs and bribes a Merchant's Wife at the same time.

THE young Lady then, who with Eyes of Dejection and Sorrow was choosing some gay Garments at Mrs. *Makemode's*, was the Daughter of Sir *Toby Tbristy*, who had passed the high Honour of Lord Mayor of the City of *London*; indeed she was at present an Orphan, under the Care and Guardianship of Mr. *Muckworm*, a Merchant, one of the close Kind.

THIS

THIS young Lady, before the Age of Seventeen, had conceived a Passion for the eldest Son of a Country Gentleman, in the Neighbourhood of that Estate which her Father had purchased in *Worcestershire*, not far from the City of *Worcester*; he was of an ancient Family tho' but of a small Estate, not exceeding Five Hundred a Year; his Name was *Sweetwood*, as indeed is the Name of the Seat, being called *Sweetwood-ball*.

THE Fathers of these two young People visited each other in the Country, and young Mr. *Sweetwood* who was one-and-twenty, had often dined with his Father at Sir *Toby's*, and drank deeply the delicious Poison of Miss *Arabella Thrifty's* Eyes; indeed he loved her unspeakably.

THIS we conceive will not appear very surprizing, when we shall describe her Person; her Height then had nothing extraordinary in it, but she was extremely well made, her Legs and Feet just and elegantly proportioned; she was plump but not fat, her Skin and Complexion in Nature, what the Colouring of *Correggio* is amongst other Painters; her Neck, large and long, and going off in true muscular Proportion to her Shoulders; her beauteous Bosom was hid

hid behind a Gauze, which made it more beautiful by the false Concealment; nothing was more inviting than her Mouth, furrounded with the Smiles of Good-nature; her Teeth as white as Ivory, her Cheeks were glowing Health, the most attractive of all Charms; her Eyes large and serenely blue shone with the living Lustre of oriental Diamonds; her Forehead high and ample, with such Profusion of auburn Hair as wove in Plats, or otherwise designed, gave Grace and Ornament to the whole Face and Person; her Soul was formed of Sprightliness and Good-nature, Sense without Affectation, and her acquired Endowments were dancing well, and singing agreeably, such was Miss *Arabella Thrifty*.

MR. *Sweetwood* the Son, was a young Gentleman who was then at the University, his Figure was six Foot, well proportioned and manly, a good Face, a better Understanding, much Learning, with great Sensibility and Taste; he had passed some Time in *London*, and had just added Ease of Behaviour by frequenting good Company to his other Qualifications, without destroying the Effects of Modesty, which is always effectually obtained by being with the Lewd; and which Company imparts a very peculiar Mixture of Ignorance and Impu-

Impudence to many of our young Men about Town, to be found in no other Nation; such as are now distinguished by the *Bloods* or *Bucks*, and have in the same Character been honoured with as many Names at different Times, as make up one Half of the *Scoundrel's* Dictionary, printed for the Good of all who desire to be learned in that noble Order of *Bloodism* or *Buckism*, and are able to read.

THIS Couple was mutually enamoured with each other, but during the Life of Sir *Toby* Mr. *Sweetwood* had never dared to express his Passion, otherwise than as a Free-Mason by Signs and Tokens, which are only intelligible to the Adepts in that Passion; Hope still continued to hover about his Heart, as he imagined Miss *Arabella* conceived no unfavourable Sentiments of him.

IN this manner Things stood, when Sir *Toby* died in a Walk in his own Garden, and not being able to carry with him what he had gotten by Trade, to do him Justice he did not desire it, being not a Miser, and tho' not liberal, yet hospitable; he bequeathed all to Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, a few Legacies excepted, the Value being Four-score Thousand Pounds.

HE had committed the Guardianship of this Daughter to Mr. *Muckworm*, a City Merchant, who he firmly believed would endeavour to get her a Nobleman for her Husband; this Sir *Toby* often requested him to do, it being his peculiar Vanity, beseeching him if he outlived him, never to permit his Daughter to marry with any Man beneath Noble, and to exert every Endeavour to bring about a Marriage of that Nature, before she was of Age to make her own Choice: It seems the young Lady had frequently expressed a kind of Contempt for Nobility, influenced by that Passion which had taken Possession of her Soul for Mr. *Sweetwood*.

HER Father being dead, Mr. *Muckworm* permitted her as she was then but little more than seventeen, to tarry at her Seat in *Worcestershire*, particularly at her own Request; and knowing she was safe from being run away with by this new Law against clandestine Marriage, was but little anxious about any thing else.

MR. *Muckworm*, tho' a married Man, had always looked upon the Passion of Love, to be exactly the same Thing as the Passion for Money; and whenever he was in Company where Love happened to be

the Subject, which indeed was very seldom, and he heard that any young Man was much, very much, or extravagantly in Love, with a young Lady, he fixed her Fortune according to these Terms from Ten Thousand Pounds to Twenty Thousand, and when it came to extravagantly, he always concluded that it must be some very great Sum; his Mind rising in its Expectations by the Weight of Money, like a Barometer by that of the Atmosphere.

Mr. *Muckworm* had also entertained another Idea of the Passion of Love, that it was like the common Appetite of Hunger; and as he had conceived Venison to be the most delicious of all Food, if eaten where there were no Servants paid, and every Man's favourite Dish because it was his; so he concluded all Men like himself would quit every other Entertainment for that, or one Haunch of Venison, for the Sake of dining on two: In like manner he imagined People in Love would desert one for another; for Example, if Miss *Arabella* should be in Love with a Man of Twenty Thousand Pounds, he concluded she would desert him for one of Thirty, and this latter for a greater Sum, paying no more Regard to the Person and other Qualifications of the different Suitors, than Mr. *Muckworm* would

would to Chapmen who came to purchase twenty Bales of Cotton, preferring the most distorted Shape and Heart on the Exchange, to his Brother, if he offered more by five Shillings in a Hundred Pounds.

THIS being his steady Opinion of all other People, because it was his own; a Compliment that Thieves, M——rs, and other great Men, are very apt to pay those who are supposed to be Men of Integrity and Honour; he was little anxious of what Company Miss *Arabella* kept in the Country, because she could not be married without his Consent.

YOUNG *Sweetwood* then visiting her frequently since her Father's Death, had declared his Passion for her, and she had refused it with only saying, that she could not hearken to him because she was not in her own Power, looking with an Expression however, as if she wished she was; her Companion in the Country was an old Maid of the same Family, who had lived long in it, and to whom Sir *Toby* had in his Will left an Annuity, her Name was Mrs. *Wrinkle*.

It seems at last, a certain noble Lord who had travelled much, it was the Viscount

count *Flimsy*, hearing of this great Fortune, waited on Mr. *Muckworm* to propose himself as a Lover to Miss *Arabella Thrifty*; Mrs. *Muckworm* (it being about Tea-time) was a long while debating with herself, whether she should venture to ask his Lordship to drink a Dish or not; at last concluding a Lord was but a Man, and that her Husband was very rich, she took Courage and asked him; this my Lord accepted of, and mounted into the Dining-room, the Company present being as silent, as if a Cut-throat had entered to kill the first Speaker, Mrs. *Muckworm* excepted.

THIS Apartment was furnished with great Propriety; his Lordship admired the Lyons and Pagods, and all the Chimney Ornaments; he said one was the true old Japan, another the Partridge Pattern, where that Figure was not to be found; this was the veritable, antique white Porcelain, “indeed, says Mrs. *Muckworm*, “I have always thought the Figures looked like Anticks;” at last his Lordship saw a boxen Tobacco-stopper on the Chimney-piece, on which was cut a Greyhound in a very particular Posture, this his Lordship was in Raptures with, he said, “*Michel Angelo*, or even the *Greek* Sculptors had never equalled it; this, Madam,” says he, “is the most elegant

“ elegant Piece of *Virtu* I have ever seen ;
“ it surpasses all Doctor *Mead*’s Curiosi-
“ ties ; it should be preserved with great
“ Care.”

“ AND so it shall indeed, my Lord,”
says Mrs. *Muckworm*, “ I did not think
“ there was such Virtue in it ; my Husband
“ uses it to stop his Pipe ; he will smoke
“ his Evening’s Pipe in the Dining-room
“ after my Company is gone ; and when I
“ tell him it makes the Room stink of
“ Tobacco, he cries, Pshaw, do you ima-
“ gine I’ll be at the Expence of having
“ a Fire fresh made up in the Parlour, to
“ keep your Room from stinking of To-
“ bacco ? no, no, a Penny saved, is a
“ Penny got : You would think, my Lord,
“ to hear him talk, he was not worth a
“ Shilling in the World.” “ Hah, hah,
“ hah, all your hundred thousand Pound
“ Men do so,” says my Lord. “ No, my
“ Lord, no,” says Mrs. *Muckworm*, “ tis
“ not quite so much as a hundred thousand
“ Pounds, tho’ nearer to it than People
“ think ; but, my Lord, since you say
“ this is so curious a thing, please me, I’ll
“ lock it away : let my Husband be at the
“ Expence of Six pence to buy another, if
“ he will, Six-pence will not undo him.”
“ You are right, Madam,” says my Lord,
“ hah,

“ hah, hah, Six-pence undo him, very.
“ good that ; it is a great Curiosity.”

THE Company being gone, it was now Mr. *Muckworm* appear'd ; when after Compliments past, my Lord opened his Designs to him : These Mr. *Muckworm* seemed to incline to relish ; and the more, because his Lordship, taking out a Snuff-box of *Martin's*, mounted in Gold, which Mrs. *Muckworm* much admired, had desired her to accept of it as a Present, at the same time being much ashamed of such Unpoliteness, to offer a Lady any thing which he had carried a whole Week in his Pocket ; indeed he might have said fifty. This Mrs. *Muckworm*, with a Curt'sy, and Tone of Voice which exprest an Inclination to accept, refused at first, saying it was very pretty, but she should rob my Lord of it ; as if both my Lord and Mrs. *Muckworm* could possess the same thing at the same time ; however, after much Intreaty, she accepted it, being extremely ashamed, and yet very glad of the Present : this the Husband and Wife admired mightily.

MR. *Muckworm* desired his Lordship to call again, and he should have his Answer :
“ I will consult my Wife upon the Matter,
“ and your Lordship shall have my Answer
“ by

“ by the Penny-post ; because,” says he,
 “ Punctuality is the Life of Business ; I
 “ would not have your Lordship call twice ;
 “ it is a Rule with me to let no one call
 “ twice.”

His Lordship retired, laughing at the
 Folly of Mrs. *Muckworm*, her Curiosities,
 and *Virtu* ; not in the least doubting but
 that he had won the Lady to his Interest by
 the Snuff-box.

As we imagine our Readers will expect
 a distinct Account of this Lord, we shall for
 that Reason, and with Desire to oblige them,
 give it ; but in a distinct Chapter, to di-
 stinguish Nobility as we ought.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLIII.

A Chapter fit to be written in Letters of Gold, being the true way of educating a young Nobleman in Literature and Travels; to be studied by all tender Mothers, advising Friends, and Swiss Bear-leaders. The Folly of French Behaviour to English Politeness.

WE shall trouble our Readers but very little with the Pedigree of my Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, only observing, that his Father died when he was very young, and left his Lady, this noble Lord, three Daughters, and an Estate of five thousand a Year, with a Jointure of one thousand, and a Debt of forty upon it, behind him.

THIS good Lady had a most particular Zeal for educating her Children in the most polite way; she had been much confined to a Country-life, and yet a most passionate Adorer of the Town; for this Reason she had quitted the Seat of her Ancestors, and taken a House near *Grosvenor-square*, for the better educating her Children politely.

AT her coming to Town, she soon contracted an Acquaintance with Sir *Simon Tip-*

too, and the Earl of *Lillyband*; these two eminent Personages she was determined to follow the Advice of, in educating her Children.

IN consequence of this, my Lord *Lillyband* had persuaded her Ladyship not to think of making her Son a Scholar. "The
 " very Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*,"
 says he, " imparts an Aukwardness in every
 " Action and Expression, as you may see
 " in all our Nobility who have had an Uni-
 " versity-education; they really cannot en-
 " ter a Room, or address a Lady as a
 " Nobleman ought; and I have made it
 " a constant Remark, they never rise in
 " the M——y: There's the Duke of
 " * * * * *, and the * * * * *
 " I am convinced neither of them under-
 " stands a Sentence, I will not say a Word,
 " of either of these Languages.

" BESIDES, Madam, the M——r has
 " made it a constant Rule, never to pro-
 " mote Men of Letters; there is an Aver-
 " sion at present in the Ad———n to all
 " Men of great Sense and Learning; they
 " find these Fellows are not fit for their
 " Purpose, and do not understand Busi-
 " ness.

" THE

“ THE Education which is proper for a
“ Nobleman, is that which will give him
“ Assurance in all Places, and make him
“ agreeable to Women. The first is ob-
“ tained by Persuasion that he is a very
“ great Genius; this makes him speak freely
“ in all public Assemblies ; and the other
“ by Play, which will make him most de-
“ lightful Company to the Ladies, orna-
“ mented with a little Politeness, which
“ Travelling gives to those who visit fo-
“ reign Nations.

“ BUT, Madam,” continued the Earl,
“ Lord *Flimsy* is now about ten Years old,
“ I think.”

“ YES, my Lord,” replied the Dowager,
“ he is.”

“ PRAY, my Lady, how far is he ad-
“ vanced ?”

“ WHY really, my Lord,” says she,
“ he spells and puts his Letters together
“ very prettily.” “ Very well, very well,”
says the Earl, “ at his Age, for a young
“ Nobleman.” “ But I believe,” says her
Ladyship, “ tho’ he’s my own Child, I
“ may venture to say, that no young No-
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"bleman has ever shewn so great Capacity
 "in discovering the Cards so early as he
 "did; he knew every Card before he
 "knew a Letter; and really could tell you
 "the Value of them at Quadrille, before he
 "knew *a c, ac; e c, ec; i c, ic; o c, oc;*
 "*u c, uc.*"

"THIS is the right Genius for the
 "World," says the Earl; "I foresee my
 "Lord *Elmsy* will make a Figure in Life,
 "and a great Speaker in the House. Now,
 "my Lady, I'll tell you what I would
 "have done with him: Instead of the Ca-
 "techism, which in this enlightned Age is
 "no longer minded by polite People, and
 "stuffing his Head with the ten Command-
 "ments, which were made for that Rabble
 "of low Brick-making *Israelites* in the
 "Wilderness, and which no Man of Fa-
 "shion pays the least Regard to, exercise
 "him in *Hoyle*; let him learn to play all
 "the possible Hands which may be held
 "at Whist.

"For instance, suppose he holds a par-
 "ticular Sett of Cards, King, Knave, and
 "three Trumps, and three others other
 "Setts, all stated by *Hoyle*, in his excellent
 "Treatise; instead of filling his Head with
 "asking him who was the first Man; or
 "curbing

“ curbing his Spirits with what is the se-
 “ venth Commandment ; ask him what
 “ Card he would play first ? and then suppo-
 “ sing that such Cards fall in that List, what
 “ second ? and so on ; and thus, my Lady,
 “ the three young Ladies your Daughters
 “ may make a Sett, and you may, with
 “ the Book in your Hand, examine them
 “ all by *Hoyle*, and make them fit Com-
 “ pany at ten and eleven Years old for any
 “ Rout in Town ; and really more accom-
 “ plished in the modern Taste at that Age,
 “ than young Ladies were at Twenty-one,
 “ not twenty Years ago.”

THIS she thanked his Lordship for with great Politeness, hoping he would have the Goodness sometimes to examine my Lord himself.

“ ANY thing in my Power your Lady-
 “ ship may command,” says the obliging Earl of *Lillyband*.

“ NAY more, Madam,” says he, “ I
 “ will propose his Lordship to the young
 “ Club at *White’s*, the Moment he is be-
 “ come of Age ; where I doubt not, but
 “ my Interest is so great, that he will be
 “ received, without being black-ball’d the
 “ first Time ; an Honour with which no

“ one has yet been distinguish’d, as far as
 “ I remember: And give me leave to say,
 “ that there is no Road which leads so di-
 “ rectly to Preferment, as being of that
 “ Club; we are all in the *present Interest*,
 “ and shall always continue in it: And per-
 “ mit me to say, there is a great Resem-
 “ blance between playing the whole Game
 “ at *White’s*, and at * * * * *: I
 “ assure your Ladyship, I believe there
 “ is no better School for rising in the
 “ M——y.”

THIS my Lady received with the most
 distinguishing Marks of Acknowledgment,
 for his Lordship’s Goodness.

IN this Opinion Sir *Simon Tiptoe* acqui-
 esced also; adding, that in his Judgment
 my Lord should learn *French*, and a Smat-
 tering of *Italian*: “ This will be necessary,
 “ as his Lordship must travel, acquire
 “ Taste, and give his Opinion upon Ope-
 “ ra’s at his Return; tho’ really very little
 “ *Italian* will do, as I find by myself and
 “ others of the Nobility, to make a Man
 “ a complete Connoisseur of the Perform-
 “ ances and Music in that Language at
 “ present.

“ To

“ To obtain this End, your Ladyship
“ may take a *Swiss* Tutor into your House,
“ who will instruct his Lordship in both
“ these Languages.”

THIS was the Plan laid down by these two sublime Persons ; which her Ladyship was resolved steadily to adhere to, in the Education of the Lord Viscount *Flimsy*.

HER Ladyship was as sensible of this Politeness and Advice of Sir *Simon*, as of that of the Earl ; and express'd herself much in the same obliging Manner on the Occasion.

No Mother ever manifested such Zeal for a polite Education as this Lady ; she declared, she was determined to carry the educating her Children to the highest Pitch of Politeness it was possible. “ It shall never
“ be said,” says she, “ that I have neglected their Education : I am resolved to
“ obtain the Character of the best of Mothers, and do my Duty by my Offspring, and not decline all necessary Care
“ in bringing them up, because it is attended
“ with Pains, as too many Ladies of my Acquaintance have done, to their no little Dishonour.”

For this Reason my Lord and his Sisters were daily catechised from *Hoyle*, and exercised in his Precepts by her Ladyship; not behaving like too many Mothers, who, inattentive to the polite Instructions of their Progeny, are so shamefully neglectful, as to permit an old Maiden-aunt to catechise their Children, according to the Church of *England*, every *Sunday* Evening; a thing left off as absurd by every little Country-curate, and totally destructive of all polite Breeding, and rising at Court.

In complaisance to the Opinion of Sir *Simon*, and according to his Recommendation also, her Ladyship had taken as a Preceptor to her Son, Monsieur *De l' Ourse*, a Native of the *Swiss* Cantons.

This Gentleman, by great Study, had obtained an equal Knowledge of most of the *European* Languages, and spoke all of them with the same Purity and Perfection; indeed, it was a kind of *Babylonish* Dialect, as he had made a sort of an Union of all, and at all Times rather spoke a complex than a simple Language, being in Pronunciation and Idiom arrived to the Excellence of being almost unintelligible in every one of them. And this we apprehend will explain what is generally

generally meant by a Gentleman who speaks all the Languages of *Europe* in equal Perfection, having never yet found in our Acquaintance, any Man who spoke two Languages, as they ought to be.

MONS. *De l'Ourse* was received, at a considerable Sallary, into the House of Lady *Flimsy*, as Tutor to her Son, with strict Command, never to teach him one Word more than he was willing to learn; this Monsieur perfectly observed, being fully as well pleased to get his Money for nothing, as by taking Pains for it.

For tho' it has been truly observed with respect to that Nation, that none of them will do any thing without being paid for it, *Point d'argent point de Suisse*; yet to their Honour they are not so obstinate, but they will all of them submit to be paid, without doing any thing to deserve it, which indeed is Condescension enough.

For this Reason, Monsieur *De l'Ourse* was contented to let my Lord learn as little as he pleased, always commending his Parts to his Lady *Mamma*, and indulging him in every thing he desired, hoping that at length my Lord, at the critical Age of Twenty-one, would indulge him in return with an

Annuity for Life; an Object which is never lost sight of by those of that and another Nation, who are chosen Preceptors, for this only Reason, as far as we have ever been able to discover.

THIS young Nobleman then, at Fifteen play'd Piquet and Whist better than any Man of his Years in *London*, and had attained at Eighteen the Talent of reading the *Amsterdam Gazette* in *French*, without a Dictionary; which was considered as no less than an Prodigy by his impartial Mamma.

DURING this time, thro' Fear of breaking his Spirits, he had been indulged in every thing he desired; this had created in him first an eternal Dissatisfaction, being constantly anxious to possess all he saw; and when he had obtained of it what was to be purchased, then an equal Weariness with Enjoyment, being tired of the Possession in two Days.

BESIDES this, as he was much pamper'd with the Opinion of his being a *Belle Esprit*, he delighted greatly in the Humbug, a Species of Wit that was then newly produced in this enlighten'd Age.

BEING

BEING thus prepared in his previous Studies, it was now concluded by the Earl of *Lillyband* and Sir *Simon Tiptoe*, that his Lordship was of proper Years and Accomplishments for the Honour of *England* to travel, to make Observations on foreign Countries, which he was going to see, and compare them with his own, which he never had seen; a Method generally practised with great Success in this Nation, as may be remark'd in numberless Instances of our travell'd Lords, Baronets, and Squires.

As we profess a profound Tenderness and Regard for all Dowager Ladies, who may be in this Situation, and are determined not to intimidate their fond Bosoms with Accounts of those Tears and Afflictions which pass at the Heart-breaking Moments of this young Lord's separating from his Mamma, and as we would by no means prevent young Gentlemen situated in such Circumstances from improving themselves by the grand Tour of *Europe*, we shall omit all that Profusion of Fondness and Affliction which was express'd on this melancholy Occasion, and hide those Sorrows, by saying nothing of them, which we should not be able to draw, if we attempted.

BESIDES this Affliction, which we profess we cannot draw, there is another Part that shall be omitted, which we think we could; this is an Account of every minute Circumstance which this Lord transacted from Morning to Night, in a Series of very familiar Letters.

HOWEVER, we shall only remark, that Monsieur *De l' Ourse* having led six young Travellers the same Round, knew the Roads and Inns as well as a Pack-horse, and had written a manuscript List of all that was curious in the Cities they past through, extracted from other Authors, which he call'd his own, and which he threatened to oblige the World by printing; but unluckily in *England*, by a Manner of Spelling and Idiom peculiar to him, there was no Compositor for the Press, Scholar enough to read or understand it, tho' all written in *English*, as Monsieur *De l' Ourse* protested, and was really so from any thing which those *Literati* could discover to the contrary, who had looked upon it.

BEING arrived at *Paris* with recommendatory Letters from Lord *Lillyband* and Sir *Simon Tiptoe*, the Viscount was received with much Politeness by the *French Nobility*;

ity; and as his Lordship for the first Visit shewed some Inclination to please, and an Attention to what was said to him, the *French* imagined he was an amiable young Man, his Person at that Time being agreeable.

BUT as the original Humour of being indulged in every thing, and inattentive to all other People of whatever Condition, together with a secret Contempt for all Nations, because he was an *Englishman*, prevailed at the next Visit; a Shyness followed on the Part of the *French*, and an Aversion on that of my Lord; after which, visiting each other with Footmen dispatched with Cards from their Coaches, as neither of them was ever at home for some time, it at last dwindled into a Neglect on each Side, on which the Marquis called my Lord *Bête*, in speaking of him to the *French*; and my Lord distinguished the Marquis with that general and genteel Appellation, of *French Son of a B——*, to the *English*.

THUS ended the Intimacy between my Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, and the *French* Nobility; and in this Manner has already terminated many others: This Remark requires not the Spirit of Prophecy; but we add also, in future Times many more will
be

be ended in the same way ; and this Assertion requires the Spirit of Divination, and here it is for our Readers.

Now all these Dissentions really arise from nothing, but a Disposition in the *French*, of having some Marks of Politeness return'd them, for the Civility which they shew us ; this, considering the Difference between a free *Briton*, which we believe ourselves to be, and they not, and a slavish *Frenchman*, which they believe themselves not to be, and we that they are, is a Proof that they want Genius to distinguish as they ought, when they conceive that a true-born *Englishman* is obliged to return the Civilities of a *Frenchman* ; and here we assert, that it is Honour enough for that Nation, and all others, to be polite, and reverence this Kingdom, without our taking any Notice of it in return.

My Lord however did not return to the Company of his Banker, Monsieur *De l'Ourse* prevented that ; for tho' this Tutor was by no means a Man of deep Knowledge or polite Letters, yet he knew too well the Tricks which the *English* Bankers, who are settled at *Paris*, play on their own Countrymen ; and this, as it may be of some Utility to our future Travellers, we shall
com-

communicate to our Readers in a separate Chapter.

C H A P. XLVI.

A Chapter with more Truth than Wit, more Utility than Flourish; which we foresee will be ill received by more than one Man at Paris: With a Touch to distinguish private Characters.

HOWEVER, before we lay open these Scenes, we shall make some little Apology for this our Behaviour, lest we should be said, in the common Phrase, to fall foul on private Character, a thing we detest.

PRIVATE Character therefore, supposing a Man to be vicious, is such a one, whose Vices are destructive to himself alone, and do not tend much to disturb or distress the rest of his Species; these we are not sure we ought to touch at all, and People of Virtue are certainly free from all Attacks of this Nature.

To illustrate our present Design, let us take our Instance from that well-known, general

Gentleman-like Profession, a Highwayman, This Gentleman, mounted on a roan Horse, with a cropt Mane and Tail, the near Foot behind white, fourteen Hands and a half high, with a white Face, and a small quitter Bone on the farther Leg before, drest in a drab-colour'd Horseman's Coat, an old Gold-laced Hat, flapp'd over his Face, and a Crape upon it, we know is upon *Hounslow Heath*, collecting Money, according to his Profession, from Passengers on the Road. This Man is not to be described, because he is a private Character, Privacy being very essential to his Success; therefore if we having been examined by this Man to some considerable Loss, should declare to those Fellow-travellers whom we chance to meet, that such a one is on the Road, should we commit a Breach of social Duty, and attack private Character?

In like manner, when we know that *English* Bankers at *Paris* proceed in the following Manner, shall we incur the Appellation of injuring private Persons?

First then, from which ever Banker you have your Money, take nothing from him but that; neglect his Advice and Recommendation, and all will be well.

FOR believe me, such is their Tender-
ness for their Countrymen, that they will
suffer no one to cheat them without partici-
pating in it.

FOR this Reason the Coachman which
they recommend, the Lodgings they take,
the Taylor, Mereer, Milliner, Shoemaker,
Hosier, Peraquier, and every other Trades-
man, is obliged to sell from Twenty to
Thirty per Cent. dearer than usual, because
your Banker expects that Profit on all he
recommends.

BUT lately there are new Expedients,
one who from an *Irish* Plow-boy advanced
to a Pounder in an Apothecary's Shop, then
married a Woman of some small Fortune
and became first Pimp, and then Doctor;
being extremely willing to join in the Plun-
der of his Countrymen at *Paris*, recom-
mended himself to a certain thin little Gen-
tleman, by permitting him to hold all his
Money without Interest.

THIS Civility is gratefully returned by
this Banker's constantly recommending this
Doctor to plunder the Sick, and blunder in
their Cures, by which Means the Banker has
Money for which he pays no Interest, and the
Doctor an Interest where he neither advances
Money

Money or Knowledge; and in this manner the Health and Property of *Englishmen* are treated by the Bankers and Doctors of their own Nation.

Is such a Discovery a Breach of public Society, and an ill Treatment of private Character? Who speaks——Nobody——then it is not, and thus ends this Chapter.

CHAP XLV.

The Lord Viscount Flimsy conducted thro' Europe, in which his Gallantries and Vertu are just touched upon. His Character compleated.

MONSIEUR *de l'Ourse* then indulging the Viscount in every Thing, was become a great Favourite; and excepting a few *Bucks* of *English* Breed travelling for Education, my Lord kept no other Company than his Preceptor and a fresh Mistress every Night, his Appetite for Novelty, and Satiety with the Object, taking place in this Article as in all others.

To

To shorten our History, in *Paris* he learnt to believe that Gallantry was allowable, and that married Men and their Wives were by no means obliged to be true to each other, and that Chastity was a visionary Notion.

AT *Turin* he acquired another Principle, that cheating at Play had nothing culpable or criminal, provided the Deceit was not discovered on the Spot ; and this Knowledge was attained to by my Lord from being cheated, and not from being the Deceiver.

AT *Rome* and in travelling thro' *Italy*, he learnt to believe that Popery was Abomination, and all Religion a Jest ; that any pretty Girl was well rewarded who sold her Virginity for Money : He became also a deep Virtuoso, having purchased in his Travels no less than Seven undoubted *Raphael's*, Six *Dominichino's*, Five *Correggio's*, Ten *Titian's*, Seven *Annibal Carrache's*, all sworn to be true Originals by the People who sold them ; Fifteen Busts of the antique *Greek* Sculptors, several of them very well supplied with new Noses and Chins, others with a whole Head by modern Hands ; ancient

cient *Intaglias* and *Cameas* innumerable, Coins, and Medals in vast Abundance, so that no Nobleman ever acquired the Reputation for Taste in *Venice*, from all the Dealers in these Commodities, that was universally bestowed on the Lord Viscount *Flimsy*.

At *Venice* he had the most expensive Mistresses, and the finest *Gondola* that ever was possessed by any Nobleman of *England*.

At *Germany* he got no Knowledge, because there is none, and he had not Penetration enough to see how ridiculously the Subsidies of *England* are lavished upon Electors who cannot assist us.

In *Holland* he learnt that the *Dutch* could no longer be our Allies.

During the grand Tour his Body had been three Times purified from all Dross, like Gold, by Quicksilver; his Voice had contracted a foreign Tone, by a small Accident which happened to the Organs of Speech.

At *Naples* he had been honoured with a Crown from the Hands of *Venus* herself; his

his Mind was thoroughly convinced that Love of our Country is a Folly, denying our Appetites Madness, and every Restraint from our Passions an Absurdity; and lastly, that fashionable and prevalent Opinion that all is right which a Man can do for himself, was universally adopted by him; such was the Soul and Body of George Lord Viscount *Flimsy* at his Return from his Travels, and Monsieur *De l'Ourse* from the great Care he had taken of him, in getting him out of those Disorders he had purposely gotten him into, was rewarded with a Annuity of four Hundred a Year for Life.

CHAP. VI

"My Lord, I have and I having put our
"Hands together, have thought
"you a fit Match for my Ward; to you
"may call when you will and discourse
"further on the Matter.

"Your humble servant,
"MICHAEL MUCKWORM"

C H A P. XLIV.

Mr. Muckworm consults his Wife on the Article of Miss Thrifty's Marriage. Two Letters exhibited as two excellent Samples of mercantile Wit and Politeness; different Sensations in different Bosoms, occasioned by those different Epistles. A tender Separation.

MR. Muckworm having consulted his Wife, this sagacious Pair concluded that my Lord was an excellent Match for Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, he therefore sent two Letters, one desiring Miss *Thrifty* to come up to *London*, and the other to my Lord, to acquaint him of his Resolutions, both which we shall insert as Specimens in this Place, to be followed by all succeeding Guardians of this kind.

“ My Lord,

“ **M**Y Wife and I having put our
 “ Heads together, have thought
 “ you a fit Match for my Ward; so you
 “ may call when you will and discourse
 “ farther on the Matter.

Your humble Servant,

MICHAEL MUCKWORM.”

“ P. S.

“ P. S. M y Wife sends her Compliments!”

I T was superscribed to my Lord *Flimsy*, at his House near *Grosvenor-Square*.

THE other was to Miss *Arabella*, in the following Style:

“ My dear Ward,
“ I HAVE gotten a Lord for your Husband; so you little Fool come to *London*, and be a Lady as fast as ever you can.

“ I am Yours,
MICHAEL MUCKWORM.”

THIS was designed for Wit, as the former was for Politeness.

A T the Reception of these two Letters, very different Sensations were felt in the Bosoms of the two Persons who received them.

M y Lord perceived no little Joy in the Thoughts of being wedded to fourscore Thousand Pounds, and Miss *Tbrifty* no little

the Pain in being divided from Mr. *Sweetwood*, whom now she perceived she loved much better, than she had before imagined.

THIS Message filled her Heart with that Dejection, which is revealed by certain Signs in the Face and whole Expression, as clearly as a ruddy Evening predicts a fine Day; and as the Eyes of Lovers are as keen and attentive as those of a hungry Eagle, Mr. *Sweetwood* soon perceived some unusual Anxietude in the Bosom of Miss *Thrifty*.

URGED by Tenderness for her, he pressed her to tell him the Reason; this she declined, but repeated Solicitation brought forth the Discovery; the Blast of Lightning rends not the Oak more swiftly, or touches the Heart with more Force and Powers, than did this Intelligence pierce the Bosom of Mr. *Sweetwood*.

HIS Colour left his Face, his Lips trembled the living Lustre of his Eyes died away, and he fell into a Swoon on the Sofa; this alarmed Miss *Arabella*, who expressed vast Anxiety during his Faintness, and beheld him with infinite Fondness as he recovered, being assisted by Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle*, who applied the Smelling-bottle to his Nose.

"On my *Arabella*," he pronounced with infinite Tenderneſs, "muſt it be?" She all in Confuſion at the Preſence of Mrs. *Margaret*, answered, "no, no, it muſt not be, what is the matter with you? recover yourſelf and then we will talk of it."

You whoſe Boſoms have ever felt the pathetic Touches of true Paſſion, lend one Sigh of Commiſeration for this unhappy Youth, and you whoſe Hearts have never known the Joys of Love, ſigh becauſe you have been excluded from the Raptures of that Blifs, painful as it is on this Occaſion.

SLEEP was now a Stranger to his Eye-lids, he became meagre with watching, Sighs eternal burſt from his Boſom, and Tears involuntary ſtole down his wan Cheek; this Deſcription indeed is as well adapted to Miſs *Arabella Thrifty*, as to her Lover.

HE ſaw no way to poſſeſs her, ſhe could diſcover none to eſcape the deſtined Lord whom ſhe had never ſeen; the Time was now approaching when ſhe muſt go to *London*; ſhe had contrived Excuses to tarry one Week after the Letter came to her Hands.

THIS

THIS Evening in a lonely Walk of Lime-trees, winding along a Rivulet's Side, the Sun setting in Clouds, the Winds fighting thro' the Leaves, the Birds warbling Dirges, and the Streams complaining in soft meandering Murmurs, as if Nature sympathized with their Condition, did this Pair of Lovers vow eternal Constancy and Truth; the ruddy Lip grew pale with Pressure in their Kisses, Arms entwining Arms, and Bosoms panting against each other, as if their Hearts struggled to embrace, sealed the tender Contract.

THE Morning bore Miss *Arabella* bathed in Tears towards *London*, and Mr. *Sweetwood* in the same Condition to his Father's, where his Bosom foreboding Ten Thousand Evils, threw him almost into Despair.

NOTHING worth Notice happening on the Road, we shall leave this lovesick Lady and Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle* to pursue their Journey, and close this Chapter, to tell our Readers what happened at my Lord's second Visit, in another.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLVII.

*Much Wit in my Lord and Mr. Muckworm.
A Silver Lamp and Tea-kettle make no
small Appearance, and produce no unfavourable Effect. My Lord inclines to the
Humbug, which Mr. Muckworm receives
as a Hum should be.*

MY Lord then having received Mr. Muckworm's Letter, concluded there was no Time to be lost, he therefore sent a Card to Mrs. Muckworm.

“MY Lord *Flimsy's* Compliments to
“Mrs. Muckworm; hopes she caught no
“Cold last time he saw her; intends himself the Honour of taking a Dish of Tea
“with her this Afternoon, if she is dis-
“engaged.”

THIS was answered with a that she should be very proud to see my Lord; the Card was stuck into the Frame of the Chimney-glass, taking great Care that the Part should be unconcealed which held his Lordship's Name, to discover to her Acquaint-

quaintance what honourable Company she was visited by.

ALL Things being in ample Order, Mr. *Muckworm* having powdered his Wig, and changed his Shirt; and Mrs. *Muckworm* spruced herself up with the very richest of Silks and Laces, put on in the most awkward of all Manners, attended the coming of the Earl of *Flimsy*, like the two Sheriffs in the City of *Bristol* the Arrival of the Judge at the Assizes.

HIS Lordship being arrived, and Civilities being paid on all Sides, the Tea was called for, when a *Dutch* Tea-kettle and Lamp was again introduced which my Lord had seen before.

HE therefore asked Mr. *Muckworm* in a pleasant manner, why he did not present his Lady with a Silver Kettle and Lamp, a Man of your Fortune, says my Lord. Ha, ha, ha, my Fortune, says Mr. *Muckworm*, why I am almost upon the Parish (tipping the Wink on Mrs. *Muckworm*;) why there's *Child*, *Hoare* and *Catebrook*, are all richer than I am, says the Merchant; I just make a shift to live, rub on, rub on. Don't you believe him, my Lord, says Mrs. *Muckworm*, he is rich enough to give me

that and every thing else; I am sure it is little less than a Hundred Thousand Pounds. Oh fie Wife, oh fie. More, says my Lord, more, all the World agree in it; Do they indeed, my Lord? says *Muckworm*: well, I did not imagine any one thought me worth half the Money.

Now my Lord had observed, that the first Present had assisted much in winning the good Opinion of Mrs. and consequently of Mr. *Muckworm*; he therefore determined to quicken their Speed by another.

“WELL,” says my Lord, “you shall buy Mrs. *Muckworm* a Silver Kettle and a Lamp, it will not cost above forty Guineas.”

“FORTY Guineas! Two and forty Shillings a Year interest Money lost, for the Sake of boiling Water in Silver; what will my Creditors say? No, no, my Lord, I ask your Pardon.”

“I DON’T believe he owes a Farthing in the World, my Lord, says Mrs. *Muckworm*.” The Viscount then ordered his Servant to bring up that Parcel which was in the Coach; this he presented Mrs. *Muckworm*, insisting that she should not see what

it contained till he was gone, unless she promised to accept it; this Mrs. *Muckworm* being again very much ashamed, at last consented to; when, to the great Surprise and no less Joy of this Lady and her Husband, what should it be but a very elegant Silver Lamp and Tea-kettle.

THIS was too much, they both agreed; however, Mrs. *Muckworm* knew not what to say, since my Lord had made her promise to receive it, she could not break her Promise; she therefore determined to be at the Expence of having engraved on the Side, the Name of the Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, the Day of the Month, and Date of the Year when it was presented her.

My Lord now finding Things as he wished, to enhance the Value and begin the Humbug, added, "that it was made in
 " *England* for the Princess of *Condé*, but
 " that he liking the Fashion of it, was de-
 " termined to purchase it at any Price for
 " Mrs. *Muckworm*; as your Taste, Madam,
 " I am convinced is extremely good," says he. Very good my Lord," says Mrs. *Muckworm*, "so is my Eyesight; I don't use
 " Spectacles; thank God, I have all my
 " Senses as well as ever." "Without
 " doubt," says his Lordship smiling,
 " your

“ your Eyes are admirable.” “ In my
 “ Youth they were thought so, but now I
 “ can’t say much for them.”

MR. *Muckworm* being much exhilarated with this Present, had once a great Mind to ask my Lord to Supper, but then he thought it might cost a Crown or ten Shillings, and declined it; however, taking Courage, and being determined to be generous, for two Reasons which then shot into his Head, he resolved again to ask him, and therefore requested his Lordship’s Company, which was accordingly granted.

Now that our Readers may not accuse us with Niggardliness, and keeping those two Reasons to ourselves, we shall declare the First was, he thought he might safely charge the Expence to Mrs. *Arabella Thrifty*, as it was on her account his Lordship came; and the Second, that the Silver Tea-kettle at least, was worth that Civility, when the Entertainment was to be of no Expence to him.

MRS. *Muckworm* then descended into the Kitchen, and declared to her Maids, that she believed my Lord was the cleverest Lord in all *England*; telling them what a handsome Present he had made her.

Y^{ou} SUPPER, being served which we shall not describe, his Lordship was lavish in its Praise, preferring it to *French Cookery* in every Dish; Mr. *Muckworm*, who had determined to charge the Entertainment to Miss *Arabella*, took a chearful Glass, and waxing mellow, vowed that my Lord should marry her; as did Mrs. *Muckworm* also.

DURING the Evening's Potation, Mr. *Muckworm* asked if the Princess he mentioned was not one of our Royal Family?

HIS Lordship answered, yes it was.

"I THOUGHT so," says *Muckworm*, "there is a long List of them, I do not remember their Names, but at Church when the Parson prays for the K—g, the P—ce, the P—sse, the D—, and the rest of them; it puts me in mind of the old Song, which goes on with the Gallon, the Pottle, the Quart, the Pint, the Half-pint, the Nipperkin, and the brown Bowl; he cod it always makes me think of that Song, my Lord."

AT this my Lord was greatly pleased, and averred that he never had heard a better thing in all his Travels, laughing extravagantly, repeating the Quart, the Pint, the Half-

Half-pint, Nipperkin, and the brown Bowl; Mrs. *Muckworm* saying aside, to be sure her Husband was extremely comical sometimes.

THE Evening was closed with Promises of Marriage, and Toasts to *Arabella's* Health; my Lord retired, and Mr. and Mrs. *Muckworm* past a half-Hour in praising my Lord and his Generosity, concluding that *Arabella* would be the happiest of all Women, in being married to such a Nobleman who loved her so well already, tho' he had never seen her.

THIS being concluded, Mr. *Muckworm* untied his Garters by the Fire, called for his old Shoes cut into new Slippers, and taking the Candle retired to Bed with his Lady, where we leave them and retire also.

C H A P. XLVIII.

Miss Arabella Thrifty and Mr. Muckworm dialogize on the Nature of a Father's Inclination. My Lord makes a very powerful tho' not a pleasing Impression on the Heart of Miss Thrifty. The great Advantage of travelling. Stories for the Humbug. Which Chapter we hope will be well received by all good Protestants, and Friends to the Germanic Interest.

MISS *Arabella Thrifty* and *Mrs. Margaret Wrinkle* proceeded to *London*; the old Maid much better pleased than the young, one leaving all she loved, and the other going to all she liked; this sighing at deserting the rural Shades, Streams of Water, Evening Walks, the Music of the Birds, the tender Looks, Expressions, and Attention, of Male and Female mutually in Love; *Mrs. Margaret* rejoicing in returning to the Delights of old Maids, Plays, Cards, *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, and such Entertainments.

BEING arrived at *Mr. Muckworm's*, *Miss Arabella* was scarce in the Dining-room, before

before old *Muckworm* wished her Joy of having a Lord for her Husband.

A HUSBAND! says the young Lady, I
“ am not yet married.” No says the Mer-
chant, “ but I have promised you shall
“ have him; you know you are under
“ my Direction, and your Father made
“ me promise I would marry you to a
“ Lord.”

“ My Father might do that, but you
“ know, Sir, I have never given my Con-
“ sent to any such Proposition, and I ima-
“ gine he never intended I should marry
“ a Lord if I did not like him; it is neces-
“ sary I should see him before I enter on
“ that Resolution.”

“ S’ BLOOD,” says the old Fellow,
“ you don’t intend refusing a Lord with
“ Five Thousand a Year; what do you
“ imagine that Lords are as plenty as
“ Grocers and Apothecaries, and are to
“ be picked up a Dozen in a Street.”

“ B U T you will permit me to see him
“ before I decide on so material a Subject,”
she said.

"Yes, yes, you shall see him To-morrow," says *Muckworm*, "and feel him too."

WHETHER the following deep Remark has been already committed to Paper or not, we are not at all solicitous; but we know it is certainly true, that in proportion as any thing is greatly liked by any one, so all other Objects become indifferent to that Person; and when a Lady in Love with a young and handsome Man whom she wishes to marry, is prohibited from that, and enjoined to wed another she does not love, this last never fails of becoming odious to her Eyes.

THE Right Honourable the Viscount *Flimsy* then would have had but little Appearance of Success, with Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, if every thing of Person, Understanding, and Disposition, had been in his Favour.

BUT as all these three were in his Disfavour, his Person being changed by Disease, and his Temper by Indulgence, there was but little Probability of his being agreeable in her Eyes by Acquaintance.

How;

HOWEVER, the Evening was appointed, and the, Viscount waited on Miss *Arabella Thrifty*. He was introduced to her by Mr. *Muckworm*, with a "here he is, this is " my Lord *Elmisy*."

Mrs *Arabella* received him with Reserve and Politeness; his Salute adding not a little to the Antipathy, which his Face and Presence, joined to her former Passion for another, had created.

INDEED the Breath of his Mouth (for it could not pass thro' his Nostrils) was almost as suffocating, as that of the *Grotto di Cami*, and Ten Thousand times more nauseous to the Smell.

THIS Sense being lost in him, was no small Advantage, and he might have said of his Nose, what is cut on some Tombstones, *Mors mihi lucrum*, with more Truth than that Sentence is always added to an Epitaph.

THE Viscount had presumed, that Miss *Arabella* being born in the City, was just such another Thing as Mrs. *Muckworm*, resembling her as a young Bear does an old one, and had never conceived the Woman
but

but as an Incumbrance to the Money, like paying Fees for the Patent of Nobility.

BUT when he beheld her, he was pleased with her Person, and would have given a Hundred Guineas for that, tho' he had never tasted her but once, being so extremely delicate in his Appetite, that it was with Difficulty he could eat twice of one Dish.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Idea in favour of her Person, he still conceived her Mind must be extremely *Gothic*, being bred in the City; he therefore as she was young, imagined he might treat her with much Freedom, marry her, receive her Money, and amuse her like a young Kitten, by giving her a Rabbit's Tail, or a Cork to play with.

DURING the Time of Tea-drinking he accosted her with much Freedom, and she received him with much Reserve; till at last Mr. *Muckworm*, who conceived Marriages should be driven like Bargains without shilly shally, by immediately coming to the Purpose, began, "here you be together, my Lord, and you Miss *Thrift*, " and as it was your Father's Will that " you

“ you should marry a Lord, here is one
 “ for you; and I think nothing can be a bet-
 “ ter Match.”

My Lord added, that he was devoted to her Will, and should be the happiest Man on Earth, if she would receive his Suit with mutual Passion.

“ WITH mutual Passion, I believe,” says Miss *Arabella*, “ if I receive you; but, “ my Lord,” says she, smiling, “ tho’ you “ are so unhappy as to be mortally in Love “ with me, without ever having beheld my “ Face, yet my Heart is not made of such “ inflammable Substance, as to take Fire at “ a Distance, or even instantaneously, at “ the Presence of a Nobleman; what Time “ may effect, I know not.”

THIS was an Answer which his Lordship did not expect; and as he did not choose to pursue the Affair at that Time, he deviated into an Account of his Travels.

“ WHEN I was at *Rome*,” says my Lord, “ the Pope—”

HERE Mr. *Mackworm* interrupted my Lord, by asking if it was true that the Papists kiss’d the Pope’s Toe?

"Yes indeed," says my Lord, "it is true."

"A YE, poor People, I suppose," says he, "your low vulgar Folks; not the rich, your hundred thousand Pounders, or so."

"Yes," says his Lordship, "poor and rich, Beggars and Princes alike, who enter into his Presence."

"HAH, hah, hah, Popery and Slavery indeed; kiss a Pope's Toe! a hundred thousand Pound Man kiss a Pope's Toe! I am sure I would not," says Mr. Muckworm.

"You," replied the Viscount, "are a free born *Englishman*, to be sure; no Pope would think of such a thing."

"But, my Lord," says the Merchant, "is there any of the Family of the *Cæsars* alive now; I have the Prints of twelve of them, they were jolly looking Dogs."

"Yes," says my Lord, "there's one of the Family, a Merchant at *Leghorn*, who is a damn'd rich Fellow; and give me

“ me leave to tell you, that he bids fair to
 “ be Emperor, if they make him first King
 “ of the *Romans*.”

“ SBLOOD,” says *Muckworm*, “ the City
 “ shall petition the * * * * to make him
 “ King of the *Romans*; all the News-papers
 “ agree it is he that makes them, you
 “ know, my Lord; he goes to H——r
 “ for that Purpose. E cod, I should re-
 “ joice to see a Merchant made King of
 “ the *Romans* and Emperor; Trade will
 “ flourish then; it is a great Fault that
 “ Kings and Emperors are not brought up
 “ a little to Trade in Counting-houses.”

THIS his Lordship approved of mightily,
 and promised to give Mr. *Muckworm* No-
 tice when it would be a proper Time to pre-
 sent such an Address.

THE Evening approaching, my Lord
 took leave of the Company most politely,
 and left Miss *Arabella* with a thorough Con-
 tempt for him, his Title, and Person.

“ MADAM,” says Miss *Arabella*, “
 “ to chide for myself.”

For

C H A P. XLIX.

Mrs. Muckworm's and Miss Thrifty's different Opinions of Nobility and Gentry; with some Touches on a Nose, as it is or is not the Characteristic of Nobility. Mr. Sweetwood's Love and Love-letter, answer'd by Miss Thrifty's. Artifice of a Merchant and an old Maid, prevail over the Inclination of Miss Thrifty.

THE Viscount being gone, Mrs. *Muckworm* launch'd forth mightily in praise of him; she protested she believed there was not a more noble Lord in all *England*, a more generous, and more handsome Man.

"PARTICULARLY about the Nose," says Miss *Arabella*, "Madam."

"WHAT signifies a Nose," says Mrs. *Muckworm*, "a Lord without a Nose surely is to be prefer'd to a Gentleman with; perhaps it may be a Mark of Nobility, to distinguish them from common People."

"MADAM," says Miss *Thrifty*, "pray permit me to chuse for myself."

"FOR

“For yourself! If I was my Husband,
“I would make you marry him. Children
“are become very dutiful indeed! Was it
“not the Request of your poor dying Pa-
“rent that you should marry a Lord?”
says Mrs. *Muckworm*.

“Not without a Nose,” answered *Abella*.

Now the Cause of this Earnestness in Mrs. *Muckworm*, in favour of the Viscount, was the same with that of *B——w* and *S——re* in favour of the Ministry; she was in Expectation of more Presents, as they are of greater Preferment, and not a single Grain of Love for the one or the other. Besides, she had taken it into her Head, that Presents given to others on the Affair of getting a Wife, were held by the same Tenure with those given to the Lady who is address’d; if the Marriage does not take Effect, the Bounty-money is to return; this made her tremble for her Snuff-box and Tea kettle.

WE must now return to young *Sweetwood*, whose Bosom was agitated with intolerable Commotions; he concluded she was lost and gone for ever; he felt that deplorable

ble State of Mind which cannot bear, yet cannot fly from its Distress; he imagined the Idea of a Lady would bear down all Attachment to him, when he thought of her; and yet when he considered himself, he was sure that neither Title or Magnificence could influence his Heart; thus in perpetual Vacillation, he pass'd the anxious Hours in great Pain.

He frequented those Walks where he had been happy with *Arabella*, and sigh'd and wept in solitary Silence.

BEFORE she had left him, she desired him not to follow her to *London*; "that will but animate their Industry, to mine and your Ruin, by pressing me to marry this Lord," she said; "write me, and direct your Letters to me, under Cover to Mrs. *Make-*
mode."

WHOEVER has felt the Pains of love-sick Minds, or Weight of Sorrow's Hand, must know that Man, the Lord of the Creation, that Being of right Reason, finds Ease from spreading the Tale of his Woes upon Paper to her he loves, or pouring out the Tide of his Afflictions upon the Attention of another's Ear.

FROM Writing Mr. *Sweetwood* sought Relief; and one Letter only, which being a Love-letter, is much like all his others on that Subject, we shall communicate to our Readers, of all those he wrote.

“ *My dearest Arabella,*

“ **D**EAR as you are to my Soul, I
 “ could not have suggested that your
 “ Absence would have seized me with such
 “ Affliction; every Moment of my Life I
 “ weigh the Idea of Nobility, and almost
 “ Compulsion in your Guardian, against
 “ your Resolution, and feel myself annihilating, as if my very Soul was deserting
 “ me.

“ THE next Moment all your Vows of
 “ Fidelity, your noble Sentiments, and generous Behaviour, return, and save me
 “ from sinking into the Arms of Death.

“ Do not, my lovely Creature, condemn
 “ me for this apparent Distrust which
 “ seems to prevail at certain Moments;
 “ consider how I love, and what I have to
 “ lose, in losing thee.

“ I WILL not say, if this Lord makes
 “ his Addressee to your Fortune; I know
 “ he

“ he must ; beauteous as you are, those
 “ Charms could not prevail over the Heart
 “ of a Man, who had never seen you.

“ Oh let me prevail upon you, give him
 “ all your Possessions, let me be bless’d
 “ in you alone ; let my Patrimony, which
 “ is sufficient for Love and Happiness, be
 “ our only Support ; we may then be hap-
 “ py ; nor shall the Winds of Heaven visit
 “ thy Face too roughly.

“ Oh write me all thy Heart, that I may
 “ join Woes to thy Woes, and echo Sighs
 “ to thine.

“ I am,

“ Most affectionately,

“ and for ever, thine,

WILL. SWEETWOOD.

THIS Letter Miss *Arabella* received, and read with Rapture ; she kiss’d the dear Name in Silence and Tears, then putting it into her Pocket, took it out again, without quitting her Hand from it, and read and kiss’d it ; this she continued to do for several Times.

“ DEAR

“DEAR Man,” she softly pronounced,
“yes, I will be true to thee, whatever
“Fate attends thy *Arabella*.”

SHE then wrote him a Letter in answer
to his, which is as follows:

“S I R,
“IF my Heart had not been entirely
“Yours before the Receipt of your Letter,
“your generous Behaviour in offering
“to take me divested of all Fortune, would
“have won me to your Affection.

“BUT alas! I am susceptible of Love
“for no Man who resembles this thing,
“which is distinguished by Nobility, and
“called a Viscount. Oh! Mr. *Sweetwood*,
“I detest his Presence, as much as I delight
“in your Company.

“OTHER Women may be captivated
“by Pomp and Title, I sigh for nothing
“but that grassy Walk, whose winding
“Way is shaded by Lime-trees, and refreshed
“by the warbling Rills of Water,
“which run along near it; let me enjoy
“that and you, without Interruption, and
“let other Maids of more ambitious Views
“shine

“ Shine in Diamonds and Magnificence, my
 “ Bosom pants not for that Delight.

“ Adieu,

“ I am yours,

ARABELLA THRIFTY.

My Lord repeated his Visits, and she refused him; he persisted, and was most infinitely polite; affected to be vastly in Love; made continual Presents to Mrs. *Muckworm*; and bought Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle* to his Interest.

THESE Ladies were eternally chanting the Praises of my Lord; the Happiness of being a Lady; the Joy of figuring in all public Places, but all to no Purpose, as long as the Correspondence, which was very constantly preserved, continued between Mr. *Sweetwood* and Miss *Arabella*; there was no Impression to be made, she renounced all his Lordship's Pretensions.

THIS Intercourse was at length discover'd by the Subtilty of Mrs. *Margaret*, who found one of *Sweetwood's* Letters in Miss *Arabella's* Pocket, and thence knew the Manner of its Conveyance; Mrs. *Makemode* also had been the Person who was employed in giving
 Miss

Miss *Thrifty's* Letters to the Post, as well as receiving those which came from Mr. *Sweetwood*.

THIS Discovery being made known to the Viscount, he immediately went to Mrs. *Make-mode's*, bespoke half a dozen Pair of the finest laced Ruffles, grew intimate with her, recommended her to some Ladies of his Acquaintance, and then applying as a Lord should to a Milliner, bought her to his Interest, which was to conceal the Letters which came from Mr. *Sweetwood*, and never to send those which were directed to him.

Miss *Arabella* being disappointed Post after Post, became extremely anxious to know what was become of Mr. *Sweetwood*; and he trembled thro' Fear of losing *Arabella*: He now gave her over, believing that she had been blinded by the dazzling Lustre of Pomp and Nobility, and wedded the Viscount before she had truly recovered distinct Vision.

HE now beat his Bosom, bewailed his Fate, and uttered many sarcastic Reflections upon Woman; this however gave him but little Ease, he pined away, and became confined to his Apartment.

THIS Circumstance of Silence, being regarded by Miss *Arabella* as a Desertion, and conceived by the cunning old Maid as affecting her in that Light, she took Occasion to warm the young Lady into Resentment against that Lover, who should slight Beauty and Fortune, without naming any one.

To this Miss *Thrifty* seemed to listen; it was now Time to set every Engine to work; it was consulted therefore, that it should be inserted in all the Papers, that “on such a
“ Day, *William Sweetwood*, of *Sweetwood-*
“ *Hall*, in *Worcestershire*, was married to
“ Miss *Nancy Sands*, a young Lady of great
“ Beauty, great Fortune, and every thing
“ requisite to make the Marriage State
“ happy;” and Money was given not to contradict it, if it should be attempted.

At the same time the Farmer, who rented the Manor-house and Estate of Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, was ordered to Town, and purchased to say, if he was ask’d, that *Mr. Sweetwood* was married to Miss *Sands* on the Day which was mentioned in the Papers.

THIS

THIS he accordingly did, when the young Lady enquired what was become of Mr. *Sweetwood*?

THIS Intelligence pierced the Heart of Miss *Arabella*, she grieved much in Secret; but Mrs. *Margaret*, who now dared to speak openly, called him ungrateful Wretch, and pronounced Miss *Arabella* happy in not being wedded to him; at length she awaken'd the Passion of Resentment, and worked her up to a Resolution of marrying my Lord *Flimsy*, and shew the World she did not value the Loss of a poor, inconstant, whiffling Country Squire.

THE Articles were agreed on, the Day appointed; the Lawyer work'd Day and Night; and in a very small Time all was ready, when Miss *Arabella Thrifty* gave her Hand to the Viscount *Flimsy*.

HE received her Money with Pleasure, to redeem his Estate, slept in the same Bed with her one Week, which was as offensive as a putrefying Corpse to his Lady; no uncommon thing for Travellers, who forget to embalm in due Season.

SHE now lamented of her rash Proceeding, and was at the Time of *Lydia Fairchild's* being in Mrs. *Makemode's* Shop, chusing some gay Apparel to decorate that Person, which she most severely repented of having sacrificed to what she hated.

THIS is the History of Miss *Arabella Thrifty*, now Lady *Flimsy*.

C H A P. L.

Lydia becomes a Servant to the Viscountess Flimsy; more filial Piety and true Chastity in that Maid, than in many Ladies of the first Quality. A Meeting of old Lovers decently conducted. The Viscount commences an unprofitable Amour. Blunders of an Irish Captain, Terrors of an English Lord, and Tricks of a Bristol Bunter, end the Chapter.

THE lovely Appearance of *Lydia Fairchild* had operated very strongly in her Favour on the Heart of the Viscountess *Flimsy*; she imagined she beheld some Resemblance of Distress in her Face, to what she

she felt; and *Lydia* conceived a strong attractive Influence prevailing in her Heart for the Viscountess.

HAVING agreed with this Lady, she communicated her Design to her Mother, beginning with a Smile, “ Now, Madam, “ I shall have it in my Power to support “ you, though not as I wish’d, yet better “ than I fear’d; I have engag’d to serve “ the Viscountess *Flimsy*, who seems to be “ the very kind of Lady I desire to live “ with.”

“ AH *Lydia*! *Lydia*! my dearest Child, “ must I be separated from all my Conso- “ lation? Must my dearest Child be redu- “ ced to this on my Account?” says the Mother, with rising Sighs and Tears.

“ NOT on yours, Madam, but on my “ own,” replied the lovely Maid.

SHE then disposed of every thing in the best Manner for her Parent’s Ease, and went to take Leave of Mr. *Probus* in the City, who with Tears wish’d her all possible Felicity, and praising her filial Piety, “ My dear “ Child,” says he, “ Heaven will reward “ you; that Power will shower down Pro- “ fusion of Blessings on thy Head, for all

“ this Goodness; the Woes thy poor Pa-
 “ rents have suffered, shall turn to thy
 “ Happiness.” He then told her he would
 frequently visit her Mother, and kissing her,
 she took leave.

THE next Day she went to the Viscount
Flimsy's, and was received with much Po-
 liteness, and seeming Friendship by his Lady.
 A few Days Service made her extremely
 beloved by the Viscountess; her pleasing
 Behaviour, ready Obedience, smiling Per-
 formance, superior Understanding, and ten-
 der Heart, won the Affections of her Lady.
 Mrs. *Margaret Wrinkle* knowing that the
 Discovery of her Transactions would one
 Day or other be public, and being well re-
 munerated by the Viscount, withdrew from
 living with the Viscountess, and boarded in
 the City.

By means of this, *Lydia* was more a
 Companion than Servant to Lady *Flimsy*;
 she acquainted her with all her former Pas-
 sion, as we have related it before, and un-
 bosom'd all her Soul to her; this Confi-
 dence the amiable Maid made no ill Use of,
 or assumed one Air on this Occasion, but
 exerted every lenient Power that can soothe
 the Soul into Tranquillity, to abate her
 Lady's Anguish.

As yet this unhappy Lady was not undeceived in the Opinion that Mr. *Sweetwood* had married Miss *Sands*; she was convinced he had proved faithless, and had made no farther Enquiry about him.

My Lord *Flimsy* now proposed going to the Wells at *Bristol*, a Disorder, which had hung upon him some time, determining him to that Resolution, and his Lady accompanied him.

SOME time before this Resolution, his Lordship had beheld *Lydia* with a Desire of that kind with which he had long beheld every thing which is pretty, and had determined to have her at all Events, as the Phrase is.

THE Journey we shall not describe, or their baiting Places, but land them safe at *Bristol Wells*; where my Lord in vain made Suit to *Lydia*, by means of his favourite Servant, and by himself occasionally; all which was rejected with Contempt. His Lordship then attacked her with the offer'd Settlement of four Hundred a Year, with flying with her to *France*, living as Man and Wife; all which was as ineffectual as the former.

“ My Lord,” says she, “ believe me
“ you are once in your Life mistaken;
“ you shall find that Virtue and Poverty
“ are not incompatible things in the same
“ Person, and tho’ a Servant, that Honour
“ is not a Stranger to this Heart; if you
“ again violate the Decency which is due to
“ Chastity, by Conversation of this Nature,
“ I will immediately relinquish your Lady’s
“ Service; therefore desist, for believe me
“ your Pursuit will prove ineffectual.” He
therefore desisted himself, and ordered his
Valet to ply her with Offers of any kind;
all which, tho’ it proved equally insignificant,
yet such was his Nature, her Resistance,
and the Difficulty, quickened his
Desires.

Two Days after the Arrival, Lady *Flimsy*
entering the Pump-room to take a Glass of
Water, who should her Eyes meet, standing
at her Side, but Mr. *Sweetwood*; but,
alas! how changed from him she left in
Worcestershire! how pale! how languid! how
inanimate! judge of the Confusion which
this Rencontre caused in each fluttering
Bosom.

SHE retired into the adjoining Room to
sit down, and preserve herself from swoon-
ing,

ing, and he followed for the same Purpose. The Effect of the Company, and the Assistance of the Smelling bottle, saved her from the Fainting. She look'd on him with vast Concern, seeing his wan Visage, and searched with her Eyes to find if she could discover his Wife by any Symptoms of Attention, concluding she was there: He, chain'd to the Place, gazed and sigh'd too frequently for a Heart at Ease; at length, as he was a Stranger to all but her, and his former Passion unknown to every one present, he ventured to approach her, when mixing Resentment and Complaining, he softly upbraided her with having basely deserted him.

SHE retaliated on him with his declining to answer her Letters, and marrying Miss Sands; by means of this Conversation, the Story was discovered, and all the Villainy began to appear manifest. Good Heavens! how did poor *Sweetwood* exclaim against those perfidious Wretches, who had destroyed his Happiness, in which she sincerely join'd, each lamenting their deplorable Condition. My Lord entering, ask'd his Lady if she would retire to Breakfast; at the Sight of whose despicable Figure, Resentment animated *Sweetwood* with more Vigour than he had a long while felt: "Is my *Arabella*

“ united to that contemptible Creature ? Is
 “ Sweetness link’d to Poison, Delight to
 “ Horror, Beauty to Deformity ? ” he said
 to himself, as they retired.

AFTER this, as Company is easily contracted at these public Places, and as Mr. *Sweetwood* was too much an Invalid to create a Suspicion of Gallantry in his Lordship’s Bosom, he often walked with Lady *Flimsy*.

ONE Evening on the Terrass, the Company being all in the Long-room, Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy* walking together, turning his Eyes brimful of Tears upon her, he prest her Hand, and cried out,
 “ Oh ! my lovely *Arabella*, how shall I live
 “ divided from you ? ” “ If I am dear to
 “ you, Mr. *Sweetwood*, ” she instantly replied, “ mention nothing of your Passion
 “ for me ; I am a Woman, and confess I
 “ love you more than Life, but my Honour is yet dearer to me ; it shall ever be
 “ supported inviolable ; even you, I believe, would not lessen that in the World’s
 “ Opinion. ” “ No, by Heavens, my *Arabella*, thy Fame is dearer to me than all
 “ Enjoyment ; yet, yet we may. ” Here she interrupted, with saying, “ Henceforth
 “ then, if you chuse, Sir, that we converse
 “ together, let us observe a profound Silence

“ lence with respect to all the past Subjects
 “ of our Love ; on these Terms alone we
 “ meet, or this must prove the last.”

THIS Reply, tho’ it was killing to *Sweetwood*, who, brimful with fond Affection, longed to ease his over-loaded Heart, was yet complied with : He gazed, and sighed, and hung his dejected Head, like the Picture of Despair ; when Lady *Fimsy* said,
 “ Mr. *Sweetwood*, if this Behaviour be the
 “ Consequence of your being in my Com-
 “ pany, ’tis to no Purpose that I have pro-
 “ hibited your conversing on the Subject I
 “ lately mention’d ; these Sighs, and those
 “ Looks, testify and express even more
 “ than Words, what I will not hear ; for
 “ our mutual Ease, I intreat you, Sir, let
 “ this Evening be the last in which we meet
 “ to walk alone together.”

“ Oh ! forgive me, *Arabella*, believe me
 “ I will never more offend this way ; but
 “ why do I commit this Rudeness in pro-
 “ nouncing that dear Name ? indeed your
 “ Ladyship shall never more have Cause to
 “ blame me on this Account : I know not
 “ why, but this Evening a more than com-
 “ mon Softness dwells upon my Heart.”

HE then waved the Discourse, and conversed on some different Matter; and yet such is the Effect of Love operating in human Minds, those Subjects which at their Beginning seemed of the most distant Nature from that Passion, found a means of linking Thought to Thought, and winding round to some Idea, which was full of Tenderness and Affection.

DURING this time, the Viscount was in the Long-room in Company, it being a Ball-night, and not the less happy because Lady *Flimsy* was not present; he more than began to grow extremely weary of her, and being a high-mettled Hound, grieved at being stopt by a Wife from running much before the Pack, to seize all kinds of Game.

INDEED he was thoroughly gotten free from all matrimonial Attachment, and eternally seeking fresh Objects; even whilst he was pursuing *Lydia*, he saw a Damsel in the Ball-room, whose Appearance was inviting enough to excite his Appetite to take one Meal, by way of Stay-stomach, till the other was ready.

THIS

THIS was one of these Ladies, a kind of Animals of Passage; like Qualls, flying from *Italy* to *Africa*, and from *Africa* to *Italy*, according to the Variation of the Seasons; she past the Winter in the tepid Climate of the *Bath*, and her Summer at the *Bristol Wells*; and tho' she could not be eaten like a Quail, she had a Power of damping another Appetite, and might be purchased at no very great Price.

THE Virtue of this Lady his Lordship began to sap, by opening his Works of Gallantry, not conceiving her to be of that Stamp, which is to be purchased for Money, like a Heifer in *Smithfield*, by the best Bidder; indeed he had piddled about her one Night before.

THIS Design was soon perceived by Miss *Peggy*, and a suitable Encouragement given, with more Reserve than was usually her Practice; much Hackneying creates Cunning in Whores and Horses; she had greater Hopes of Reward from this Behaviour and him, than from an *Irish* Captain, whom she frequently favour'd with her peculiar Attention, and had promised that Evening; she therefore made an Assignment with my Lord to meet him at her Dwelling on *Stony-hill*,

bill at *Bristol*, desiring him to come at eleven o'Clock, with all possible Secresy.

THE Hour being arrived, my Lord leaves the Long-room, and goes away secretly to *Stony-bill*, being directed thither by one of his Honour's Chairmen at the Wells: He was let in by Miss *Peggy* herself; it seems *Molly*, the Maid, had taken a Glass too much, and was therefore ordered to Bed, lest that Appearance, and too much Familiarity, might lessen the Idea and Price of Miss *Peggy*, for that Evening,

Now Captain *O Shannon*, tho' he was of the amorous kind, yet had he not entirely deserted the Company of *Bacchus* for that of *Venus*; he therefore, as usual, past the Evening at a Tavern in *Bristol*, and about two o'Clock at Night, being just charged enough to put his Spirit of Gallantry into Action, took his Walk to the House of Miss *Peggy* on *Stony-bill*.

BEING arrived there, he knock'd at the Door, to which receiving no Answer, he knock'd again; when *Molly*, the Servant, answered from the Chamber-window, that there was no Admission for him, "My
" Mistress has forbidden me to open the
" Door,

“Door, or to let any one in this Night,” says she.

“ARRAH then,” says he, “my dear Molly, throw me down the Key and I’ll open the Door and let myself in, and then you can’t be blamed for breaking your Word.”

THIS she would not listen to, till being tempted by a Guinea she threw him down the Key, and the Captain let himself in and walked directly to the Chamber of this happy Couple, who were fast asleep.

THE Captain not imagining any one was in Bed but Peggy, and being an old Customer that knew the House perfectly, was determined to undress himself in the Dark softly, and steal into Bed without waking Peggy, thinking it a good Joke to surprize her asleep.

HIS Cloaths being taken off with all possible Stillness, he steps softly to that Side of the Bed on which my Lord lay, and which used to be his, when turning down the Clothes he plunged fouse in upon his Lordship, and rolled over against Peggy.

THIS

THIS awakened the Viscount with a loud
Scream of Murder! Murder! O *Shannon*
was by no means a Man of that musi-
cal Disposition, whose Ear can discover
when a Fiddle is a thousandth Part of a
Note out of Tune, for in fact he did not
distinguish the Tone of a double Bass from
a Violin; therefore not discovering by the
Voice, and thinking this was Miss *Peggy's*
Exclamation, he cried, "the Devil burn
me, and are you after lying in two Places
at once, mine and your own too, my
dear?"

THIS Voice Miss *Peggy* hearing, cried
out, "you Brute you have killed my Lord
"*Flimsy*," his Lordship was by this leapt
from the Bed in the Dark, in strange Tre-
pidation; O *Shannon* answered, "why the
Devil did not he speak then?" "Speak
you Brute, he was fast asleep;" "upon
my Shalvashon then he might have told
me so; but are not you after being a
B—— when you knew I should be here
to-night, to get another to lie with
you?"

THIS Answer my Lord hearing, he took
it into his Head that this Man was no less
than *Peggy's* Husband; he therefore, having
found the Chamber Door, was going he
knew,

knew not where, to avoid the approaching Death which he instantly expected to overtake him.

Peggy perceiving this, whispered to O Shannon, "pretend to be my Husband," says she, "I shall send him away in a Hurry," "faith," says O Shannon, "I do not like telling Lies at all;" "then," says she, "lye still and I'll follow him myself."

IN consequence of this, Peggy who had a Design on the Money, Cloaths, Gold Watch, &c. of my Lord, and O Shannon on nothing but a Night's lodging, leapt from the Bed; and running down Stairs found my Lord at the Stair-foot; "fly my Lord, fly," she cries, "my Husband the bloody Brute, swears Vengeance on you! Oh the Savage! Oh unlucky Accident! Fly my Lord, save your precious Life this Instant," she said, opening the Street-door.

THE Viscount, who, if it had been in Midwinter in *Lapland*, would scarcely have felt any Cold, or been restrained from Flight by Fear of it on such an Occasion, sallied into the Street, and ran bare-footed towards his Lodgings in *Dowry Square* as he imagined,

gined, when *Peggy* locking the Door returned laughing to *O Shannon*, whom she liked personally much better than Lord *Flimsy*.

IT has been remarked by many Wise-men, that Fear is a very bad Counsellor, and inferred from thence by many more, that our M——r is very ill advised; in like manner his Lordship being egregiously frightened, and not recollecting which way to go in his bewildered State, had straggled into St. *Michael's* Church-yard.

HERE recollecting that he was wrong, and dreadfully afraid that he should be discovered before he got home, he cried to a Watchman who was going his Rounds, to come to him; honest *Tom* hearing a human Voice, walked towards it, when approaching near enough, and holding up his Lanthorn to see who it was that called him, he gave a most dreadful Scream and fell down in a Swoon, being convinced that this Man in a white Shirt, was a Ghost stolen out of his Grave that very Night; however his Lordship having brought him to himself, he cried trembling, “ in the
“ Name of God have Mercy on a poor
“ Watchman, I am sure I never did any
“ Harm in my Life, unless it was making
“ *Dick Davis* a Cuckold thro’ Fun; and” —
here:

here my Lord stopt him, by telling him he did not want his Confession but Assistance, and offered him Money to conduct him to his Lodgings; he then stript his Watch-coat and putting it on his Lordship, they proceeded to the *Wells* together, *Tom* expecting every Moment when he would vanish out of Sight, and in great Fear for his Watch-coat; indeed he was convinced it was not the Devil, because my Lord being naked and bare-footed, he saw he had no Claws, Tail, or Horns, the indispensible Characteristics of *Satan*.

BEING arrived at his Lodgings, the Watchman was rewarded by his Lordship's Servant, with Injunction of Silence, and my Lord retiring to Bed sorely lamented the disastrous Gallantries of the Night, being much induced to it by the Loss of a fine Gold Watch, a Hundred Guineas in a green Silk Purse, an embroidered suit of Cloaths, and more than all these, the Railleries he should be open to if the Affair was discovered at his Return to *London*.

O *Shannon* having slept, and being quite refreshed the next Morning, was sorry he interrupted his Lordship in his Amours; "the Devil burn me," says he, "*Peggy*, "but another Night would have done for
" me,

“ me, and you might have told me all
“ this.”

Peggy said nothing could have happened more luckily for her, “ I am now much
“ better rewarded than otherwise I should
“ have been; it was one of these Right
“ Honourable Lords which first seduced
“ me to Ruin, by a long Pursuit and even
“ Promise of Marriage; since which Time,
“ I detest my Life and those who were
“ instrumental to my Undoing; all then is
“ fair on my Side, and I have constantly
“ declared open War on the whole destruc-
“ tive Sex”.

THE Captain however, tho’ his Name had never been mentioned, was afraid that his Lordship knew him in the Dark, and that his Interest might prevent him from rising in his Profession; he therefore making no more Difficulty of having been a W—re’s Bed-fellow, than at dining at an Ordinary, and believing every one was of the same Disposition, was determined to go to the *Wells*, and publicly ask Pardon of his Lordship.

He therefore drest himself the next Evening and repaired to the Long Room, with Intention to make a public Acknowledgement

ment for his Rudeness to my Lord, and ask his Pardon.

Now it must be remembered, that the Viscount and this Captain, tho' they had stronger Reasons to know one another than occular Proof, yet they did not recollect each other's Figure at all, and this seems to contradict the old Saying, of *Seeing is Believing, but Feeling is the Truth*; for most surely they had been in Contact with each other, and yet did not know one another.

THE Captain however was in this Case the Seeker; being come with that Intent he soon enquired which was the Viscount *Flimsy*, when being shewn, he found his Lordship surrounded by a Group of Gentlemen and Ladies, his Lady and Mr. *Sweetwood* being of a Party at Cards at a Table adjoining.

CAPTAIN O *Shannon* therefore, thinking the more public this Acknowledgment was made, the more honourable for the Viscount, and concluding every one knew the whole Affair because he did, approaching his Lordship, asked him if he was the Lord *Flimsy*.

HIS

His Lordship answered in the Affirmative, that he was.

“WELL then,” says the Captain, “upon my Shalvashon I am Captain O Shannon, who not knowing you was in Bed with Peggy last Night, fell so damn’d hard upon you my Dear, for which I am extremely sorry.”

“SIR,” says my Lord, “you are mistaken, it was not me.”

“ARRAH the Devil burn me, and she told me it was, and there is a brown Suit of Cloaths embroidered with Silver, and a laced Hat, and a Gold Watch, and a Hundred Guineas, which you left behind when you ran away all naked in your Shirt; and faith she is after being a Bunter, to abuse a Noble Lord when it is not you at all.”

THIS Description of my Lord’s Cloaths, confirmed the Truth of its being his Lordship to every one of the Company; upon which my Lord withdrew; O Shannon desiring he would stay to hear his Acknowledgments, for “the Devil burn me, you cannot tell how sorry I am for disturbing you.” The Captain could not prevail with all

all his Oratory and Entreaty, on his Lordship to tarry, he therefore told the whole Affair to the Company, protesting that he did not know that his Lordship was in the Bed for "faith" says he, "no Man alive will sooner fight till he's dead for his Country than myself, but I never dispute about no Whore with any Nobleman at all; and I am ready to ask his Pardon."

THIS Story Mr. *Sweetwood* heard, looking on Lady *Flimsy*, who seemed not to listen to it, with a Face which exprest the utmost Abhorrence for the Viscount, and greatest Compassion for her Ladyship; detested Villain, says he; every Eye being turned upon her, who was the finest Woman at the *Wells*, every Heart pitying her Situation, her easy unassuming Behaviour, and sweet Disposition, had made her the Favourite of all the Company, Men and Women.

THIS is as it should be, says she, Mr. *Sweetwood*; my History will prove one Instance of the Utility of this new Law against Clandestine Marriage, and the Happiness and Advantage Wards draw from it, in being thus doom'd to the pernicious Designs and Intrigues of their Guardians.

HIS

HIS Lordship notwithstanding appeared the next Day as alert as ever; he knew that the Story would be in every Person's Mouth; but he knew also, that no one would take the Liberty of speaking of it to him; he felt no inward Compunction for what he had done, knew the Privilege of Nobility, and was convinced the World had long since neglected to revere Virtue, and pay Respect to Title; he therefore gave himself no Pain about the Opinion of any one present, there being no one who from an Equality could take the Liberty to rally him on this Occasion; in consequence of this, the whole Company was my Lord's very humble Servants when he was present, and his Censors and Satirists behind his Back, asserting he ought to be deserted by all Men, for thus treating his lovely Lady, and then pressing to compliment him the Moment he appeared; as to Lady *Flimsy* he had not the least painful Idea of what she thought of him, and was now more ready to separate than he had ever been to unite with her, not much liking to see that Woman whose Behaviour and Esteem from the World, he sometimes considered as a Satire on himself.

HER

HER Ladyship never upbraided him with a single Word on this Account ; she only determined that for the future she would always abstain from his Bed.

C H A P. LI.

Peggy's Generosity in her Present to my Lord. His Lordship's Honour, and Intent on Lydia ; together with the pious Assistance of G—— B—— and W—— R—— a Presbyterian and Quaker ; with a small Specimen of the Sentiments of the last Gentleman.

WE are apprehensive that many young Gentlemen and others, who have been conscientiously employed in debauching Virgins, might not be thoroughly satisfied with what Miss *Peggy* has said in Vindication of herself ; being therefore strictly determined to adhere to Truth in this whole History, and not condemn Characters in the Lump, or exalt others beyond Measure, as is too common ; we shall assure our Readers that Miss *Peggy* was not of the abandoned Kind, who never think of Returns for Favours ; she had been very grateful to the Viscount, and in retaliation bequeathed

queathed his Lordship a Present which frequently lasts longer than a Suit of Cloaths, or a hundred Guineas, and has remained with the Possessors, after many a Gold Watch has quitted them.

INDEED my Lord, who had secretly condemned her of being an ungrateful Jade, began to perceive that she had not been so extremely blameable on that score, as he first imagined; having discovered some Symptoms of a Present which was likely to remain some time, in that very Place where the Gold Watch was accustomed to be placed, before Miss *Peggy* had taken Possession of it.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, and he had consulted an Adept on this Subject, who had told him he must again become one of the *Virorum mercurialium* of — no not of *Horace*, he was determined to use every Art to debauch *Lydia Fairchild*; this not being able to perpetrate by all his Powers, of Bribes and other Applications, he was resolved to obtain by a Method which he thought could not fail of Success; his favourite Servant whom he had employed, was become enamoured of *Lydia*, and therefore detested his Master's Pursuit; this his

Lord-

Lordship perceiving, resolved to proceed by himself.

NOW the Viscount, as hath been already said, having been indulged all his Life in every thing possible, had but one way of considering Objects; which was whether the Possession of them would be agreeable to himself; that being conceived, he never considered what was to be the Consequence of it to other People.

FOR this Reason tho' he was sure of contaminating the lovely Body of *Lydia Fairchild* with the most loathsome Disease, and blast her Character with universal Infamy; yet these two Objections weighed nothing in his Opinion.

NAY such was his Disposition, he would have slept with his Lady on purpose to have given her the Distemper, that the Proof from which Side the Infection began might be dubious in some Minds, and that the Fame and Beauty of that lovely Creature might be blasted, whom he beheld the Darling of all the World that gazed upon her.

Lydia then, being more impregnable than *Gibraltar*, an Island of Virtue not touching the Continent of Vice by the least Particle,

and in the Hands of those Dispositions, which strong as old *English* Honour would never give her up, the Earl intended to starve her into Compliance.

HE therefore one Day when the Viscountess and *Lydia* were walk'd to the Pump-room, for she was suffered to accompany her frequently thither, secretly went into her Chamber and took away her Diamond Ear-rings and Necklace.

THESE being found wanting, Lady *Flimsy* asked *Lydia* if she had seen them? *Lydia* replied, "your Ladyship locked them in
" the Drawer the Morning you went to
" the *Wells*, when you permitted me to
" accompany you."

" IT is true, I remember *Lydia*, but the
" Drawer is not broken open," says the Countess.

" BUT your Ladyship knows almost
" any Key will unlock the Drawers in
" Houses furnished for Lodgings; I hope
" my Lady you don't suspect me," says
" *Lydia*."

" SUSPECT you *Lydia*," replied the Viscountess, "I am sorry you can say
" that;

“ that ; no believe me, I could as soon
“ conceive myself guilty as you.”

Lydia curt’sied, and thanked her Lady-
ship for her good Opinion, which she would
never violate.

THE Viscount being acquainted with
this Loss, immediately declared it must be
Lydia, “ who the Devil should steal your
“ Diamonds,” says he, but your Maid? I
“ have always suspected her superior Vir-
“ tue would at last prove all Hypocrisy
“ and Pretence ; let her be examined be-
“ fore a Justice of the Peace ; I’ll have her
“ taken up ; I’ll engage to find your Dia-
“ monds again.”

“ You, my Lord, take her up and carry
“ her before a Justice of the Peace !” ani-
mated with more Warmth than usual,
says the Viscountess, “ she is incapable
“ of such base Actions, and is Innocence
“ itself.”

THIS Answer his Lordship did not like
at all, however he resolved to execute what
he had in his Imagination, and went to
Bristol with that Intent, to consult a Qua-
ker on whom he had his Money, in what
manner the Thing should be transacted.

TO this Gentleman he told the Occasion of his Errand, and desired he would accompany him before an Alderman, to acquaint him with what he intended doing; "it is not my Intention to have her hanged," says his Lordship, "but I want to have her punished for her Sawciness."

"THEN, Friend *Flimsy*," says *Aminadab Dry*, "thee wouldst not swear that this Girl has taken thy Wife's Diamonds."

"No," says the Viscount, "I only want to humble her to my Inclination." "I understand thee, Friend, I believe," says *Aminadab*, "but it is always our way when any thing is to be done to serve our Friends, to know the whole Affair before we undertake it; because if the Thing be in itself true, there is no Necessity for concealing any Part of it, it will tell itself; and if false, it is necessary to disguise all that is improper to be told, and form a Story which may look like Truth, founded on the Circumstances that attend it; for thee knowest all Transactions may be made to look true, by sinking some Parts which make against it, and improving others which make in its Favour; no Story is entirely without

“ without probable Circumstances, thee
 “ knowest.”

“ B U T, Friend *Flimsy*, thee dost not
 “ know perhaps, that this Girl cannot
 “ be taken up at the *Wells* and brought
 “ before an Alderman at *Bristol*, the *Wells*
 “ is out of their Jurisdiction; let her come
 “ to *Bristol* and then she may be brought
 “ before an Alderman of this City.

“ I N the mean while I will provide a
 “ very proper Person amongst that Body,
 “ Neighbour B—— a Friend of ours,
 “ who will do any thing for thee; it is he
 “ that was mentioned in a Poem, who
 “ starved a whole Family, by seizing a
 “ Cow that was their only Support, for
 “ three Pounds Rent; these Fellows are
 “ of Use sometimes thee knowest: He
 “ shall prepare the Alderman against the
 “ Time thee thinkst fit to take the Girl
 “ up; I fancy, Friend *Flimsy*, I know what
 “ thee wouldst be at, she is handsome I
 “ suppose.” This *Aminadab* said leering
 all the Time.

T H E Viscount took his leave, and *Aminadab* Sly waited on G—— B——,
 “ Friend B——,” says he, “ Neighbour
 “ *Flimsy*, who is at the *Wells*, and was our

“ great Friend in the Watch-bill, has been
 “ with me to-day, and I am come to de-
 “ fire thy Interest to serve him.”

HERE he told him the Story which we have just related, and B—— promised him all possible Assistance, adding, that such Friends to the C——n deserved all kinds of Service.

THE same Evening he waited on Alderman ———, who united very heartily in the Desire of serving the Earl, that had been so good a Friend to the C——n of *Bristol*.

NOW this Gentleman, as a Magistrate, deserves some little Notice and a more particular Description, than Men of inferior Note; this Man to his immortal Honour, is not only descended in common with all the other Sons of *Adam* from the Dust, but his Family has been peculiarly distinguished with the Work of Regeneration, and twice risen from that dirty Original, a Thing to be gloried in by all who are fond of returning to primitive Ways, and ancient Manners.

AND as it has been remarked by those who have studied the Creation and Progress

gress of Mankind, that Men were as large in Body in the first Ages, or rather more so than at present; yet that the Excellency of their Souls was unequal to the Size of their Bodies, human Inventions, superior Wisdom, and mental Perfections, succeeding long after.

IN like manner it has happened in this regenerate Breed, their Bodies are enormous, and their Souls very disproportionate, as in the Original of Things; by this means in this Man it looks like a Mouse in *St. Paul's Church*, little Life and much brute Matter, a Shilling in a Sack, little Value and much Emptiness, a Needle in a Bundle of Hay, that is scarce possible to be found in a Week's searching, and then not worth the Labour.

FOR this Reason, People who are not acquainted with this Regeneration, and the natural Progress of mental Qualities, are amazed at such Colossal Bodies and Pigmy Souls, a monstrous Union like that of *Scotland* with this Kingdom, something poor and scurvy with something fat and sawcy.

THIS Favourite was the Parent of a City Feast, his turned up Sleeves and tuck'd Napkin, told the World how hap-

pily he was adapted to his Situation ; and whatever those who were brought before him as a Magistrate might declare to the contrary, it is certain no Haunch of Venison, or Turtle, ever complained that it was sent away from his Hands, without being treated with strict Justice.

No Man uncorked his Neighbours Bottle with more Liberality and Glee, than this Son of the Dust, no Man stopped his own with more Circumspection.

AT a City Feast he laughed like Mount *Aetna* in an Earthquake, his Bowels being all in Convulsions, and his Mouth belching Smoke like that of the Mountain ; but then it must be remembered, he was always fired by the Stores of other People, and not his own.

INDEED there is a near Affinity between these two, both being nearly allied to Dust and Cinders, and when the Christian Burial shall be disgraced at the Interment of this Man-mountain, Dust to Dust, and Ashes to Ashes, will have a Propriety in the Expression, which very seldom happens to Magistrates of his Rank.

THINGS

THINGS being in this Forwardness, *Ami- nadab* informs the Viscount that all was ready whenever he should choose to send the Girl to *Bristol*; his Lordship therefore in consequence of this Advice, contrived to apprehend *Lydia* in that City in the following Manner, which shall be shewn in the following Chapter.

C H A P. LII.

The Viscount's perfidious Behaviour. Lydia's Imprisonment. The true Picture, Discernment, and Impartiality of an Alderman, with the Character of a Gentleman, which tho' few People will believe it, actually resides in Bristol. The Effects of Virtue in Lydia, on the Minds of Prostitutes in Bridewell. Lady Flimsy's Behaviour not quite free from Sarcasm, tho' free from deserving it.

LYDIA being in great Pain about her Lady's Diamonds, perswaded her to advertise them in *Bristol*, with the Promise of a Reward to the Person who should bring them back or discover them.

IN consequence of that Design, she was the next Day to go into that City and describe them to the Printer; my Lord for that Reason sent a Letter to *Aminadab* that Evening, and told him that at such an Hour he would wait upon him the next Day, to transact what he had already agreed with him.

Lydia then going into the City was watched by two Officers who followed her, and the Moment she came out of the Coach which goes to and from the *Wells*, was seized and carried before the Alderman, who was sitting in the Council-house.

BEING brought before this illustrious Magistrate, in whose Face Wisdom was equally conspicuous as in all his Actions; he began, "are you the Wench that are called *Lydia Fairchild*?" "Yes, Sir, I am," says the innocent and lovely Maid. Then says the sagacious Alderman, "I am afraid you should be called *Lydia Foul-child*;" this was admired as an excellent Joke by himself, *Aminadab*, B——, and the Mayor's Officers who were present; "you are informed against for stealing my Lady *Flimsy*'s Diamonds; what say you, Wench?"

“ Wench? Will you confess and save me
“ the Trouble of calling Evidence against
“ you, or not ?”

“ PRAY, Sir,” says she, with all the
conscious Modesty of Innocence, “ let me
“ see my Accuser, I am truly guiltless of
“ what you charge me with.”

“ I CHARGE you! Hussy, I am a Magis-
“ trate and no Informer; you had better
“ behave with less Impudence, I believe.”

“ SIR, I am not conscious of having of-
“ fended you, because I had no Intention,
“ and am altogether innocent of what I am
“ accused of.”

“ A STUBBORN Jade, a stubborn Jade;
“ a stubborn Jade, here Officers take her to
“ *Bridewell.*”

“ To *Bridewell*, Sir, am I condemned to
“ a Prison without having committed Of-
“ fence.”

“ ONLY for a Week or so, for farther
“ Examination, your proud Stomach may
“ then come down, and you may confess.”

“ SIR,” says she, “ no Prison can re-
“ duce me to utter a Falsehood.” Here
the

the Alderman again repeated several times, that she was a stubborn Jade.

HAVING said this, she was committed to *Bridewell* for farther Examination.

THE Evening coming on, Lady *Flimsy* wondered at *Lydia*'s not returning, the Viscount said, he imagined she was gone away with the Jewels, when Mr. *Sweetwood* desiring to speak with her Ladyship, told her that *Lydia* was sent to *Bridewell* in *Bristol*, for having stolen her Diamonds.

"To *Bridewell* for stealing my Jewels!" "impossible," says her Ladyship." "Indeed, Madam, it is true, and I imagined by your Consent." Good Heavens!" says she, "this arises from you, my Lord; you have determined to ruin this poor Girl." "Not I by ——" says his Lordship, "I know nothing of it."

THIS, tho' it was sworn to, gained no Credit with her Ladyship.

SHE then desired Mr. *Sweetwood* to hasten back to *Bristol* immediately, and endeavour at her Release that Evening; this he did with great Readiness, being convinced she was altogether innocent; but as he was
a Stran-

a Stranger in the City, he waited on a Gentleman born in a neighbouring County to his, an Inhabitant of *Bristol*, on whom he had his Money, to assist him.

THIS Gentleman is the true Antithesis of those his other Fellow-Citizens whom we have already described; his open honest Heart pours out Friendship and good Actions, as the Bosom of our Parent Earth does Flowers in the Spring; these have the same Influence on his Face, as those on that of Nature, Smiles and Goodness adorn one, as Blossoms and Verdure decorate the other.

HIS Enemies which are none but those of his Country, have not one Word of Reproach with which to asperse his Character; they dare not object any thing against that Person, whose very Looks bespeak Candour beyond any Man we have hitherto beheld; his hospitable Door stands ever open to Men of Merit, his Hand to Acts of Charity, the best of Husbands, Fathers, Sons and Friends.

AND here as many Readers may be induced to think this a feigned Character, because of the Place he is said to dwell in; we dare to assert this is no Exaggeration in the least Instance; and many others resembling

bling him are to be found in that City; indeed we would tell you his Name, but ask any Inhabitant of that Place, and they will immediately affix it to this Description.

To this Gentleman Mr. *Sweetwood* applied, who immediately waited on the Alderman at his own House with Mr. *Sweetwood*; this Tramontane was smoking a Pipe, with a Bottle of Wine before him, these two were his constant Companions at his own House, and those in which he mostly delighted.

THEIR Names being sent in, the Gentleman whom we have described, was of too much Consequence in the City to be refused Admission; for tho' they love him not, they revere him much.

BEING introduced and seated, he told his Gothic Worship, that he was come to wait on him in Behalf of a Lady's Maid, whom he had that Day committed to *Bridewell*; he added, that the Gentleman who accompanied him, would give him a circumstantial Account of the Affair.

"WELL then let's hear him," says the Magistrate, having never risen from his Chair, and

and first having driven forth a very long Puff of Tobacco-smoke from his Mouth,

“ Sir,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*, “ I come
“ in Obedience to the Commands of Lady
“ *Flimsy*, whom this young Woman serves ;
“ she assures me, that she believes her
“ truly innocent of the Crime with which
“ she is charged ; that this Proceeding is
“ altogether contrary to her Inclination, and
“ unknown to her ; and by me she intreats
“ to have her set at Liberty this Evening.”

THIS Alderman when he was sober was of the leaky Order, and now having been in Company with his two old Friends, the Bottle and Pipe more than two Hours, the Chafin was increased, and all his (I had almost said Ideas) Deliriums ran out like Water thro’ a Sieve.

He therefore said, he had better Authority, “ Sir, my Service to you,” never filling another Glass, “ my Lord has made
“ Information against her himself, and we
“ shall re-examine her again one Day or another, we shall not condemn her.” “ But
“ Sir,” says Mr. *Sweetwood*, “ will you
“ have no Regard to Innocence ? must she
“ be confined to a Jail ?”

“SIR, I tell you, she will be only confined till the Assizes, when she will be discharged, if she is innocent, without Punishment, that’s all”. “Mr. Alderman,” says the *Bristol* Gentleman: “Is being confined in Jail till then, no Punishment to the Innocent? Believe me, if she appears guiltless, she shall not want Friends to support her, and prosecute those who have been guilty of false Imprisonment.”

“Do as you will,” says the Alderman, “she shall be re-examined, and then you shall know more of my Mind. Gentlemen your Servant, my Service to you;” drinking again, without filling another Glass, and putting the Cork in the Bottle.

MR. *Sweetwood* then left his Friend, in Admiration of the Brutality of this Man. “You must be finely govern’d indeed, if all your Magistrates are like this Man,” says he. To this no Answer was made, because the Gentleman did not chuse to declare that the City of *Bristol* was so badly furnished with Magistrates.

THE Intelligence of their ill Success being brought back to Lady *Flimsy*, with an Addition of her Lord’s being the Cause of her

her Confinement, she determined next Day to appear in her Favour, and even to visit her in *Bridewell*.

IN the mean while, this lovely and guiltless Creature was open to the Insults of Women confined within that Prison, who were the most dissolute of the Creation; ten thousand sarcastic Reflections were thrown upon her decent Apparel and Beauty, which were stiled Finery and Paint: At length, animated with Integrity, and some invisible Support, she spoke to them, asking why they insulted Innocence in Distress? "Believe me," says she, "the Crime that is imputed to me, my Soul has never been guilty of in Thought even; it is an infamous Design upon my Honour, by the most pernicious of all Men, who has taken this way to force me to Compliance to his brutal Lust; but Prisons, Chains, and Death, lose their Stings on virtuous Minds, and he shall prove they cannot succeed on me."

IT is amazing with what Attention she was heard, and what Belief accompanied her Words, such is the Power of Virtue even over abandon'd Minds; they then pitied her Condition and Distress, and cursing his Lordship, made the most commodious Bed
of

of Straw in their Power, to rest the Limbs of Virtue in Misery.

ON this Bed lay the lovely *Lydia Fairchild*; she slept, the Powers of Heaven and Innocence protecting her. During this Night, her aged Parent stood before her in a Dream, and pronounced, "Be firm, my *Lydia*, Happiness awaits the Virtuous."

THOSE whose Souls are sensible to the Effects of almost visionary Causes, will conceive that even this Dream was some Support to her in this Moment; and those who are not, may laugh at us for mentioning it in this Place.

THE Morning early brought Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* in her Coach to the *Bridewell*, where she enter'd, and embraced her *Lydia*, weeping over her, and protesting she thought her innocent, the other Women standing amazed at the Sight. "My injured Girl," she said, "I will soon free you if it is in my Power; be of good Resolution."

SHE then went to the Alderman, who was only prevailed on to order her on the other Side in a separate Room, still within Bolts and Irons; and from him she return'd
to

to the Prison, where she told the Keeper, that she should be treated with all possible Care at her Expence, Mr. *Sweetwood* accompanying her Ladyship all the time; the Viscountess then took Leave of *Lydia*, embracing her with much Affection.

In the Afternoon the Viscount coming to *Bristol*, went in the Dusk to the *Bridewell*, where he was introduced to the lovely Maid; being alone, he accosted her with a "Well, " Madam, is your Pride a little abated? " Shall I be Master of what I desire, or " will you rot in Prison."

" My Lord," she answer'd, " it is in
" vain you press me to your Inclination;
" not Infamy, which I detest worst than
" Death, shall terrify me; whatever the
" World may decide of my Behaviour,
" my Heart shall not have it in its Power
" to upbraid me: inhuman as you are, for
" the Sake of the best of Women, I have
" been honour'd in serving, I have not
" yet declared the Cause of this your bar-
" barous Proceeding; but know that Si-
" lence will not long be in my Power.
" This is Treatment beyond all human
" Bearing! therefore let Innocence find Ju-
" stice, and let me be discharged; for
" Torture

" Torture shall never urge me to comply
 " ance with your Desires."

HE then swore he would get some one to take his Oath, that she was the Person who had stolen the Diamonds; and departed in great Wrath.

THE next Day her Lady came again; and my Lord's Valet, who suspected his Master's Behaviour, and was, as we have said, in Love with *Lydia*, paid her a Visit, and condoled with her.

THIS Affair making a Noise in *Bristol*, some one of *Worcestershire* being in that City on Business, seeing Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy* together, told *Aminadab* and B——, that Mr. *Sweetwood* had formerly been a Lover of her Ladyship's, and that she was imagined to have married her Lord against her Consent, and would gladly have prefer'd Mr. *Sweetwood*.

THIS News being imagined to be agreeable, was told to the noble Lord by *Aminadab* and B——; his Lordship's Character began to suffer egregiously, he therefore immediately forged a Story, that his Lady and Mr. *Sweetwood* had been guilty of Intrigues together; and that her Kindness to *Lydia*,
 and

and Fear of punishing her, arose entirely from her Ladyship's being in her Maid's Power; and that she had certainly stolen the Diamonds.

THIS stagger'd all the Company at the *Wells* at first, as it was visible that Mr. *Sweetwood* had been favoured by the Viscountess; a few of the Men shrug'd their Shoulders; and all the Women, two or three excepted, declared they imagin'd there was something of that kind between them, from their Behaviour. The Reader will remember, this Lady was the Toast and Favourite of the Gentlemen at the *Wells*; and recollect the Nature of Woman.

THIS Intelligence came at last to *Sweetwood's* Ears; he could have easily borne the Reproach which was thrown on himself, but he could not suffer that the lovely and virtuous Viscountess should have her Honour stain'd in this manner; he therefore took the Liberty to tell his Lordship, that tho' he might not be conceived incapable of such Behaviour as was imputed to them, "yet," my Lord, "your Lady is; and therefore her Character shall be preserved sacred, or my Life lost in Defence of her."

THIS Zeal for this Lady, by the Artifice of her Lord, only served to give Credit to the Report; Mr. *Sweetwood* therefore was desired by her Ladyship to leave the *Wells*; which he did, and the Viscountess soon departed for *London*; his Lordship remaining behind, to pass a certain Operation, which he was no Stranger to.

BEFORE Lady *Flimsy* departed, she left the Care of *Lydia* to the *Bristol* Gentleman we have before mentioned, and took Leave of her. “My dearest *Lydia*,” says she, “my Fame has by that base Man my Lord *Flimsy* been traduced on account of this
“Tenderness which I have shewn you.
“Heaven preserve thee, as I think you innocent.” She then embraced and left *Lydia*, and the *Wells* the next Day.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

Lydia's Letter to Mr. Probus. The Friend of Virtue frees her from Prison. Her Return to her Parent in London.

LYDIA being in this deplorable Situation, felt less for herself, than for her aged Parent; she trembled lest the Intelligence of her Sufferings should reach her Ears; she therefore this Evening wrote a Letter to Mr. Probus, to the following Purpose.

“ Dear Sir,

“ **I** HAVE taken this way of telling you,
 “ I am most unjustly confined in the
 “ Bridewell of Bristol, accused by the Vis-
 “ count Flimsy of having robbed his Lady
 “ of her Jewels.

“ FROM this I am sincerely acquitted by
 “ the Viscountess, who is perfectly convin-
 “ ced of my Innocence.

“ THE true Reason is, a base Revenge
 “ which he has taken, because I will not
 “ comply with his libidinous Desires; he
 “ has even again solicited me since my
 “ Con.

“ Confinement ; but believe me, Sir, no
 “ Punishment, nor Fear of it, shall oblige
 “ me to revolt from that Virtue, which I
 “ have for ever cherished.

“ ALL I wish is, that you would endea-
 “ your to conceal this Account from my
 “ dear Parent ; bitter as it is, I can better
 “ support Affliction, than the Thought that
 “ she is afflicted on my Account.

“ *I am,*

“ *Your most obedient Servant,*

LYDIA FAIRCHILD.

MR. *Probus* received this Intelligence with great Pain ; however, as he saw by the Papers that the Viscountess was come to Town, he therefore waited on her, and from her Lips received the Satisfaction to hear that she believed that *Lydia* was entirely innocent.

THERE was now a Fortnight past, during which time *Lydia* was confined in *Bridewell*, under Pretence of Re-examination : The Viscount had put in action every possible Artifice, by Threats and Rewards, to seduce her ; even B—— is imagined to have de-

degraded his Rank, not himself, by offering her Money, Settlements, and all that might tempt Virtue in Distress, yet all ineffectual.

THE Gentleman to whose Care she was recommended, hearing this, again threatened the Magistrate with prosecuting him for false Imprisonment; she was then released, and after having paid every grateful Acknowledgment to him, she returned to *London* to her aged Parent.

THE Story had been very public, by means of those weekly Papers, which are used too frequently to slander the most virtuous Characters: The Diamonds had never been found, and this most innocent and amiable Creature had suffered in her Reputation so far at least, that she fear'd it impossible to find Service any where, till her Character was cleared from the Imputation.

WITH her aged Mother she remain'd, and work'd to support her as well as she could, not unattended with infinite Dejection, as she was constantly alarm'd for the remaining Sufferings of her declining Parent.

LADY *Flimsy* would probably have assisted her, but as *Lydia* knew she had already been impeached of being false to his Lordship's Bed, on account of that Fondness and Friendship she had shewn for her, such was the Soul of this virtuous Girl, she was determined that no farther Imputation of Dishonour should fall upon her, by means of that Goodness, and therefore never acquainted her Ladyship where she was.

Lydia then remained with her Parent, and seldom went abroad, tho' innocent; so much she feared the sarcastic Eye of the World. My Lord;—but to such a Lord we must give a separate Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. LIV.

The Present which the Viscount received from Peggy, wants a little rectifying. His Lordship falls to Pieces in mending. A magnificent Funeral, a pompous Monument, a fashionable Epitaph, and a Widow's Sorrow, all in a Chapter.

THE Viscount then requiring a skilful Hand to set that Machine right, which Peggy had presented him in the Place of his Gold-watch, was under Operation on that Account: This we shall not give our Readers a distinct Account of, concluding that many of them know it too well already, and others have no Desire to be acquainted with it at all.

It seems however, that during this Affair, which he had several Times past thro' before, a small Accident happened, a new Symptom, which was no more than a Stoppage of his Lordship's Breath for about six Minutes, after which, forgetting to breathe again, he departed this Life.

THIS noble Lord being dead, there was found in his Casket the very Jewels which

he had so often sworn were taken from his Lady by *Lydia*, and for which that lovely Creature had suffered Imprisonment and Infamy.

HIS Valet de Chambre, at Sight of them, curs'd his Master's Memory as he lay dead; however, he was desired to conceal this Discovery, as it would doom his Lordship's Name to eternal Infamy.

LADY *Flimsy* heard the News of his Lordship's Death with no very violent Emotion of Sorrow; and then she first knew the Cause of it, and was convinced he would have willingly bequeathed her a Legacy of that Disease of which he died, by his strong Solicitations to sleep in the same Bed with her, before she quitted the *Wells*.

HOWEVER, a dead Lord, blasted with a Life of Infamy, is always to receive honourable Interment, and a panegyrical Epitaph; he was therefore put into Lead, inclosed in a Velvet Coffin, and then in a Hearse with nodding Horse-hair formidably graced, and follow'd by six Coaches in Mourning; which Machines grieved for him as much as any thing, except the Horses; these being obliged to hawl him thro' a very deep Country, were very sorry for

for his Death, at least, that it fell to their Lot to draw him to his Grave.

He was interr'd with great Pomp in the Family-vault of his Ancestors, and so ready was he to conform to that State of Dissolution which they had attained at that Time, it may admit some Doubt, whether he was not as rotten the Day he was deposited, as those that had been placed there a hundred Years before him; almost the only Advantage of a modern Education.

A VERY superb Monument was ordered for him by his Sisters, who inherited the Estate which was not settled on the Viscountess, this was two Thousand a Year; the remaining three Thousand, and her *Worcestershire* Estate, being the Jointure of that Lady.

THESE young Ladies ask'd her Ladyship if she would contribute towards erecting this Monument; the Viscountess answered, she would be at the whole Expence, if it was necessary for a Viscount to have a Tomb; and she desired them to erect it as they pleased.

THE Monument being bespoke at Mr. ———'s, the Cardinal-virtues were placed

weeping round his Lordship's Urn, and Fame writing his History; on the Monument itself was to be cut the following Epitaph, which was written by a young Divine, who was in great Expectation, and indeed under some Promise, of a Living, in the Gift of the Successors, the present Incumbent being very old.

Beneath this Stone lies
the mortal Part
of

George, Lord Viscount Flimsy,
Baron of Limberham,

Descended from a long Line of illustrious Ancestors,
himself the most illustrious.

His Life was one steady Attachment
to the Dictates of Honour:

He was charitable without Vanity;
hospitable without Pride;
the constant Friend of Virtue in Distress:
From him Merit never departed unrewarded.

The best of Sons, the best of Husbands;
a rare Instance of conjugal Fidelity
in this licentious Age!

humane, pious, beneficent, prudent, just.

His Virtues, too many to be enumerated,
are bewail'd with strict Affliction

by his disconsolate Lady;

who, in Commemoration of his Excellencies,
and in obedience to her own Sorrows,

has

has erected this Monument,
to the Memory of
the best
of
Men.

THIS Epitaph was brought by the Ladies his Sisters, for her Approbation: The Viscountess having read it over, said she had no Objection to the Inscription, provided there was something added at the End of it, to tell the Readers that it was written in complaisance to the Custom of attributing every Virtue to those Noblemen when dead, who never possess'd one of them when alive; "otherwise, I must insist that my Name
" does not appear to countenance a Lie,
" and stain me with Hypocrisy."

THIS the Heiresses resented with much Warmth, declaring they would be at the whole Expence; that their Brother had been as noble a Lord as any in the Pedigree of their Family. The Monument was accordingly erected, and some Parts omitted, particularly about the Affliction of his widow'd Lady.

THUS having buried my Lord Viscount *Flimsy*, erected a Monument, and written an Epitaph on him, we permit him to rest

amongst his illustrious Ancestors, and ourselves from our Labours, by concluding this Chapter.

C H A P. LV.

A Lesson to young Marriage-a-nd Widows, exemplified in Lady Flimsy's Behaviour. Hard, but necessary Obedience, in Mr. Sweetwood.

THE Viscountess, after the Interment of her Lord, retired to her Seat in *Worcestershire*. Mr. *Sweetwood* had recovered from his Disease, more by the Death of the Viscount than from the Skill of his Doctors, as if there had been a Transfusion of Vitality, and one had recover'd Health, as the other lost it, like the Method of filling the Veins of Old-age with the Blood of other Creatures more young and vigorous: As soon as he heard that the Viscountess was arrived at her Seat, he immediately waited on her, where he was received with much Affection and Cordiality, by the Mistress of the Mansion.

How

HOWEVER, before the Evening came, she took Occasion to speak to Mr. *Sweetwood*, in the following Manner :

“ SIR, you will readily believe that I
 “ behold you with no little Pleasure at all
 “ Times ; you know we have declared a
 “ Passion for each other, which it would
 “ be ridiculous in me to deny at this Time ;
 “ nay, I even confess I prefer you to all
 “ Mankind ; yet there is one Request which
 “ you must grant me, however painful.”
 Here *Sweetwood* trembling, ask’d what it was ?

“ It is,” says the Lady, “ that you ab-
 “ stain from visiting me, till that Time,
 “ which Custom has made it necessary for
 “ Widows to mourn for their Husbands,
 “ is expired.

“ I would not be imagined to have this
 “ Injunction placed to the Account of Grief,
 “ but Decency ; and since Mr. *Sweetwood*
 “ knows that some Slander was attempted
 “ to be thrown on me for my Partiality to
 “ him at the *Bristol Wells*, I am convinced
 “ he will agree that this is but Justice to
 “ myself in every Shape, nay, to him also.

“I do not mean by this Interdiction, Sir, to
 “exclude you from what you have a Right
 “to pretend to: Let one Year pass away,
 “and you shall find I will give my Person
 “to that Man, who only has a Title to it,
 “from Promises prior to my Marriage.”

THIS, though it appeared extremely severe, Mr. *Sweetwood* complied with; however, he often came to the Parish Church of her Ladyship to gaze and away; but no third Place of Meeting, no Subterfuge, was permitted; he must keep strictly to the Letter of this Injunction. A hard Quarantine before getting into Harbour!

C H A P. LVI.

In which, if our Readers do not weep, whoever will, may write the next true History, for the Author.

THE Imputation of Guilt on the spotless Character of *Lydia*, was too much diffused; the Story was known, Malice, Envy, and Ill-nature, propagated it, not a little encouraged to this Behaviour, by the
 su-

superior Beauty which *Lydia* possess'd, above those which are beautiful in the Sex.

Mr. *Probus*, honest Man, was too well convinced of her Innocence, to give Credit to this Aspersion. The Money which Miss *Fairchild* had brought from *America*, was almost spent, tho' managed with the greatest Frugality; her Mother grew feeble, and wanted more Assistance, and no Friend remained but this worthy Merchant, to supply them from his little Stores with what might assist them.

Lydia had sought some Work which might help to support them in this Distress in vain, no one consider'd her but as a Thief and Robber; it was pity, they said, so pretty a Creature should be so wicked, but Beauty and Goodness were two things: No Proof had yet clear'd her from this Infamy in the public Eye.

THE good Merchant, who now from the joint Effects of old Age and a lingering Disease, perceived his Dissolution at Hand, was determined to pay one Visit more to the Widow of his old Friend, and take his last Farewell. He came, and found the lovely *Lydia* with blood-shot Eyes, her Mother sleeping on the Bed.

"CHILD," says the Good Man, "is there any new Distress arrived to you since I saw you last, that you are thus weeping."

"No, Sir," says she, "whilst my poor Parent takes a Moment's Repose, I steal this Alleviation of my Sorrows, by the Relief which Tears afford me; I would not add Affliction to her too anxious Minutes by my Grief, and therefore exert every Power to conceal from her Eyes, the Sense of my Distress."

"CELESTIAL Piety," answered the old Gentleman weeping, "Heaven has yet Bliss in Store for thee, my Child."

THE old Lady waking, Mr. *Probus* asked her how she did? "always better at the Sight of you, my dear Friend," she replied; her constant Answer.

BEING seated together, the good Man stretched forth his shrivelled Hand, and took that of the old Lady, looking earnestly upon her, the Tear standing on his Eyelids; "Madam," says he, "we have long lived in the strictest Friendship together, but alas! the Hour of parting is not far off,"

"off, I fear; I feel myself declining a great
" Pace."

"HEAVEN preserve you," says she, in-
terrupting him, " my only Friend."

"BELIEVE me, I feel no Pain on my
"account," he answered, " the only one
"I know is on yours alone; how will that
"little be supplied which I could only
"give, when I am gone? Heaven I hope
"will visit your Afflictions with an Eye
"of Compassion, such Virtue will not
"want Protection and Assistance when I
"am no more; my last Prayers shall be
"poured forth, to implore that Protection
"on you."

"ALAS!" says she, " Why do you kill
"me with these Words? you may yet
"live to see me quietly interred; would to
"Heaven the Day was come, to free this
"duteous Creature from the Pain she feels
"on my account," looking on *Lydia*.

"MADAM, I feel none in serving you,"
answered *Lydia*, " it is another Fear which
"only possesses my Soul."

"My Dear Friend", says the Merchant,
"something tells me I shall never more be-
" hold

"hold you, my Pains will soon be ended,
 "and yours I hope".

"OH kill us not with these Words,"
 says *Lydia*, her Mother being prevented
 from speaking by her Sorrow.

"INDEED my Child," says the good old
 Man, "I fear it is true;" then taking
 all his little Store of Money, which was Ten
 Guineas only in a Purse, he said, "my
 "dearest Friend (to the Mother) take the
 "last Sum my Hands can ever bequeath
 "you; may some kind Power protect you;
 "let me be remembered when ——" his
 Tears stopt his Words, and all was Silence
 around, except the Sobs of Sorrow, whilst
 they turned their Eyes on each other.

He then embraced his aged Friend, pro-
 nouncing, "I leave you yet the God of
 "all, the never failing Friend of Virtue;"
 he then embraced *Lydia*, "once more,"
 he cried, turning to the Mother, "let me
 "take thee to this Embrace, adieu my
 "Friend;" no other Word found Utter-
 ance: He then left them drowned in Af-
 fliction, the full Tide of Anguish pouring
 itself upon their Bosoms.

"OH

"O *Lydia!*" exclaimed the Mother,
 "why am I detained to give thee Pain, and
 "protract my own, beyond this Friend's
 "Assistance."

"MADAM," she cried, "this Repeti-
 "tion seems to me a kind of upbraiding;
 "many have suffered more than you, and
 "yet been happy; even now I know not
 "why some kindling Hope speaks in my
 "Bosom, better Days await us."

"O *you, my Child, I wish. All, all*
 "Delusion. Alas! my Sorrows end but
 "with the Grave," answered the old Lady.

A few Days after died the worthy Mer-
 chant, lamented with unfeigned Tears by
 this distressed Mother and Daughter, who
 now saw new Storms of Affliction driving
 in upon them.

CHAP.

C H A P. LVII.

Promising Appearances soon clouded by Calamities. A warning Piece to Maids who intend continuing so.

THE Loss of this Friend affected the Heart of the Mother with Sorrow, to such Excess, that she fell into a lingering Disease attended with the greatest Dejection of Spirits.

SHE was eternally weeping, and sighing out, "oh my Child, when shall I free thee
" from this Pain, when leave this World
" whose Frowns will never desert me?"

"MADAM, let me intreat you to bear
" your Afflictions with more Patience."

"ALAS Child, I am inured to Misfortune, mine must soon end, however great;
" but I cannot behold thee in Misery without the most severe Affliction. So young,
" so virtuous in Misery!"

BEFORE *Lydia* could return an Answer, there was a knocking at the Door, she opened

opened it, and an elderly Woman very well drest asked if Miss *Fairchild* was within? "I am *Lydia Fairchild*," replied the lovely Maid. "Miss, says this Stranger, "I am come to speak with you:" Being seated, she began, "Miss *Fairchild*, a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance, a virtuous Man, has heard of your Distress, and has sent me with Five Guineas, hoping you will be pleased to accept it."

"MADAM," replied *Lydia*, "will you have the Goodness to tell me, to whom I am obliged for this unmerited Present," her Eyes flowing with Gratitude.

"No matter," says the old Lady, "the Gentleman is of that pious Disposition, he does all thro' Charity, and always conceals his Name; I am sure he will be a sincere Friend to you as long as you live, if you please him."

"WELL Miss," continued this elderly Woman, chucking her under the Chin, "we shall have some farther Conversation on this Subject; will you dine with me To-morrow in the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*? There perhaps you may see your Benefactor."

"PRAY,

“ P R A Y, Madam, who shall I enquire for?” says *Lydia*. “ No matter,” answered she, “ I will send some one to conduct you to my House, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the Town.”

“ V E R Y little indeed,” answered *Lydia*.”

T H E Stranger then took her Leave with the most winning Air, wishing her a good Night, and of the old Lady also, hoping she should one Day have the Happiness of seeing her at her House.

T H I S Woman was no sooner gone, than *Lydia* cried out with Pleasure, “ now Madam, you see Providence has not deserted us, see this unexpected Relief, may we not truly say Heaven has sent us this, in Pity to our Distress.”

“ I N D E E D I am convinced it has,” added the venerable old Woman. This Evening was past with more Ease, than either of them had tasted for a long while; Hope, that Stranger seemed to revive in their Bosoms, and a short Respite of Woe, like a Moment's Sunshine between the Storms of Rain, shone out upon them.

I P R E-

I PRESUME my Reader has already began to perceive, that this Lady so filled with Charity and Goodness, was no less than the celebrated Mrs. or Mother D——s, a Woman renowned beyond the Limits of this Island, the Kingdom of *France* having heard and seen that Lady.

NAY of such distinguished Piety is this venerable Person, that even the Convents at *Bologne* are furnished with young Beauties, to be religiously and spiritually educated for the Joys of this World, and the Entertainment of Men unsequestered by Bars and inaccessible Walls.

A REFINEMENT to the Charms of Debauchery, which I am surprized she has not yet had a Patent to secure to herself, or a national Reward for this useful Improvement, in a Country so celebrated for the Remuneration of Artists for the Public Good.

IT seems a Letcher of much Fame had seen Miss *Fairchild*, and being greatly struck with her Person, had followed her to the House in which she lived; he had taken great Pains to inquire who she was, and in what Circumstances; and finding that

that there was no Appearance of her being at Ease, he concluded that Money would purchase her to his Lust, and had taken this Method of obtaining his Desires.

C H A P. LVIII.

The Success of a Bawd's Embassy, and a Dialogue between her and Squire Rifle, useful to unfledged Bucks.

D——s being returned from her Visit, found Squire Rifle attending to know the Success of her Embassy.

“WELL,” says he, “what News?
“ Shall I have her or not?”

“HAVE her!,” says D——s, “yes,
“ yes, you’ll have her; why there’s she
“ and her Mother starving in one little
“ Room together: In my Conscience in
“ this City even, she has not yet found
“ the way to sell her Maidenhead, a Com-
“ modity that I never believed till now,
“ that a handsome Girl could want a Chap-
“ man for; Rifle she is a fine Creature.”

“Do

“Do you think her a Virgin D——s?” says the Squire eagerly. “Aye,” answered the Procurefs, “as fure as I am.”

“As you are, damn you ; some Bunter I suppose, hackneyed to the Devil, and I am deceived in thinking her a new Face.”

“HERE Boy, bring me a Bottle of Champagne, I can’t speak till I have quenched my Thirst,” says D——s.

HAVING then taken a Half-pint Glass, “Upon my Soul,” says she, “I think she is a pure Virgin, all Innocence itself ; damn you, Squire, you are a lucky Dog ; you will have fuch a Morsel, fuch Sweetness, fuch Gentility, fo fine a Skin, fuch delicate Limbs ; don’t you think I am her best Friend in thus fetching her from ftarving ; and your’s, in getting you fo charming a Creature ?

“WELL D——s,” cries *Rifle* all on Fire, “when, how, where, am I to have her.

“ALAS! says D——s feigning a sudden Dejection and Tears, “I promised to fend for her To-morrow to dine with me ;

" me; I was so eager to make you happy,
 " I forgot my own wretched Condition:
 " I am threatened to be arrested for Fifty
 " Pounds every Minute, by my Wine-
 " Merchant, and if I am, my Credit is lost
 " for ever, and I am a miserable undone
 " Woman."

" UNDER these melancholy Circumstan-
 " ces, how can I receive her as I ought?
 " I must send and forbid her, unless you
 " will have the Goodness to lend me forty
 " Guineas to make up the Sum; I have
 " Ten in the House; you know I would
 " not ask you, but that I am under the
 " greatest Necessity.

" I CAN'T be a Moment easy when I
 " am in Debt; few People are so delicate
 " in their Nature as I am on that account:
 " 'tis hard," says she, with a deep Sigh,
 " that so much Industry should meet with
 " no better Success in the World; I am
 " sure no Christian can take more Pains than
 " I do, to get an honest Livelihood."

" OH you damn'd old Jade, you want
 " Forty Guineas to pay your Wine-Mer-
 " chant, have?

" YES,

“Y E S, damme, if I don’t,” says she,
“may I never see——.”

“W E L L, well, I understand you, here
“they are,” giving her the Money; “but
“do you imagine she will come? Is she a
“Maidenhead? Dost think I shall have
“her?”

“H A V E her!” says D——s, putting
the Money in her Purse, “was there ever
“a Virgin that brought her Maidenhead
“into this House, and carried it out again,
“without my Leave? No, Sir, thank the
“Lord, I know my Business better than
“that comes to; I have not taken so
“many Years Pains to know my Business
“no better than that: Do you imagine
“the Nobility and Gentry would favour
“me so much, if I did not understand my
“Business?”

“W E L L, well D——s, To-morrow,
“fetch her To-morrow; but be sure pre-
“pare her a little in the Way hither; mind
“that D——s.”

“P R E P A R E her a little, mind that D——s.
“Zounds, you’ll teach your Grandmo-
“ther to suck Eggs; do you imagine this
“is

“ is the first Girl I have brought to a
 “ Man, if you distrust me do it yourself,
 “ damn you,” says the old Bawd.

“ WELL, well, D——s, I know you
 “ can, I know you can ; don’t be angry.”

“ ZOUNDS, ’tis enough to provoke a
 “ Saint, to be thought not to know one’s
 “ Business ;” however, a second Bottle of
 Champagne made all Peace between the
 Bawd and Letcher.

C H A P. LIX.

*A Dialogue between Lydia and D——s,
 and a providential Rescue of Virtue in
 Distress.*

THIS Night being past with more re-
 freshing Sleep than usual, *Lydia’s*
 Charms were lighted up, with more Vi-
 vacity than they had long been animated
 with.

SHE drest herself in a clean Linnen
 Gown, to wait the coming of this Person,
 who was to conduct her to the House of
 that

that Woman, who had invited her the preceding Day.

BEING Drest, a Coach stopt at the Door, and a Message was sent up to Miss Fairchild, that the Lady who was to carry her to dine, waited below.

SHE then kissed her Mamma, smiling, and taking Leave, the good Woman, said, "*Lydia* take Care of yourself, I have not been without Anxiety on your account, this Night in my Dreams; there are frequently Snares laid in this City, to destroy the Virtue of Innocence and Beauty, tho' I hope nothing of this kind is intended for you."

SHE then descended the Stair-case, the Person below in the Coach was the same Woman who had invited her the Day before; she began with saying, "I was taking an Airing in my Coach (which was one she had hired on that Occasion) and therefore thought I would call and take you with me, Miss, in my Return."

Lydia was extremely complaisant on this account, and professed herself very sensible of the Honour she had done her.

BEING seated in the Coach by the Side of this old Destroyer, Mrs. D— began with saying, “well, Miss, you cannot think how happy I am to have found you out.”

“I AM mighty fond of doing good Works of Charity; I really believe, tho’ I say it that should not say it, that I have provided for more young Girls, than any Woman in *England*; I could name you Scores that are now as fine as Duchesses, all of my providing for; it has been the whole Employment of my Life.”

“THIS,” says *Lydia*, “must give you vast Pleasure; to see the Young, Friends, Innocent, and Virtuous, made happy by your means, what excessive Joy must this impart to your Bosom, Madam, when you behold so many lovely Creatures indebted for all their Felicity, pouring out before you their Gratitude for this Goodness?”

“YET I am told there are some Women in the City, who make a continual Practice of betraying the Young and Beautiful, to the libidinous Desires of the most profligate of Men; how different must the Sensation of their Hearts
“be

"be from yours? an eternal Scene of
"Horror!"

"To be sure," says D——, half believ-
ing herself discovered, and looking, like the
Devil in *Milton*, a-stare upon her.

"YET," continued *Lydia*, "methinks
"such Things are impossible; it exceeds
"all Human Belief, that Women, grown
"old and approaching the Hour of leaving
"this World, should be employed in ruin-
"ing the Innocent of their own Sex; it
"seems to me incredible; is it not so to
"you, Madam?"

"To be sure," says D——, "but
"then there are People in this City, Miss,
"who represent Things in a strange Light;
"why there are those, Miss, who think
"*L—y C——* an undone Girl, when she
"spends two Thousand a Year, keeps her
"Chariot, and has a Settlement for Life,
"and all this because she is kept; do you
"think, Miss, such a Girl is ruin'd?"

AT these Words, *Lydia* looking stedfast-
ly in the Face of Mrs. D——, said, "to be
"sure I do, Madam. Ruin'd! eternally
"ruin'd. Is not Infamy Ruin?"

"BLESS me," says D——s, finding
 that Key did not sound well to her Touch,
 "how am I delighted with such Virtue as
 "your's! well I scarce imagined there was
 "any such Thing to be found in these
 "wicked Times; I am sure the Gentleman,
 "your Friend, will be doubly charmed
 "with you now; but permit me, Miss, to
 "tell you, he is a little odd and whimsi-
 "cal in his Way, but a most extremely
 "charitable Man: you must indulge him
 "a little; don't cross him in his Humours
 "the first Time you see him; however,
 "I make no doubt of your behaving as
 "you ought." Saying this, they arrived at
 her House in *Covent-Garden*; *Lydia* being
 shewn into a Room, D——s desired Par-
 don for a Minute, and withdrew.

THIS Exit Squire *Rifle* attended. As soon
 as she came out, he cried, "well D——s
 "have you prepared her?

"PREPARED her," says D——s, "damn
 "her, I thought her Poverty had prepared
 "her sufficiently, but I find by her Con-
 "versation, that she is one of those Fools
 "who imagine, that those who preserve
 "their Virginity, are the ready Road to
 "Heaven, as if there was never an old
 "Maid that was damn'd.

"ZOUNDS

“ZOUNDS I must have her,” cries *Rifle*.

“WELL,” says *D—*, “she will cost you a damn’d Touse to get her Maiden-head, I tell you that, if you can’t make her drunk; I believe you will do well to make short Work of it, she’s one of your high-mettled, chaste B—s, you must storm, storm, Squire, there is no good to be done by Coaxing.”

“By — I will have her,” answered *Rifle*.

“I wish you Joy,” says *D—*, “I have done my Duty, I call the Lord to witness; you cannot say, Mr. *Rifle*, but that I have done my Duty.”

“DAMN you,” says *Rifle*, “who says you have not?”

Lydia being thus arrived at the House of this Dame, and introduced to a genteel Apartment; Dinner was served, and a Gentleman entered who made one of the Company.

DURING the Time of dining, nothing past which might discover who this Gentleman was; the Repast was elegant, and Miss *Fairchild* prest to drink of many Sorts

of Wine; which she refused, excepting a Glass or two; tho' she had never been present at any Scene of this kind, she could not avoid imagining, there was something singular in the Behaviour of this Woman which did not please, tho' nothing directly immodest.

AFTER Dinner was past, the Mistress of the House took an Opportunity to leave the Room, and then the Gentleman approaching nearer to *Lydia*, told her that it was he that had sent her that Sum of Money by the Hands of Mrs. D——, Yesterday.

“HEAVEN,” says *Lydia*, “will reward you, Sir, for that Goodness; I will not tell you from what Distress of Mind it relieved me, because I will not give your generous Heart the Pain.”

“AYE, aye,” says Squire *Rifle*, “Heaven may, or may not thank me, but I expect to receive some from you before we part.”

“WHATEVER is in my Power, Sir, and Virtue will allow, you may command,” answered *Lydia*.

“VIR-

"VIRTUE is a Jest," says the Squire, attempting to put his Hands in her Bosom;

"SIR," says *Lydia*, starting from him, "is it for this you have seduced me hither? would you ruin me, would you doom me to eternal Infamy, to gratify a brutal Appetite?"

"DAMN you," says *Rifle*, "what moralizing in a Bagnio!"

"IN a Bagnio," says she, "am I ensnared? Oh, Sir," she cried, falling on her Knees, and lifting up her Face covered with Tears, "if there is yet one Spark of Humanity left within your Breast, let me retire; do not add Infamy to my Distress, do not rob me of all my heartfelt Peace, but why should I entreat," she, said starting up, "it is not in the Power of Force to bring me to you at least but with the Loss of Life."

"DID ever any one hear such a perverse Wench: why Zounds take my Purse?" which he offered her, "I'll settle you three Hundred a Year for Life," says the Squire. "Sir, Three Thousand shall not prevail on me; let me return to my House, I implore you, I will send you

“ back the Money, which you intended to
 “ be the Price of my undoing ; not a Farth-
 “ ing shall be diminish’d”

“ DAMN the Money, I will have You,”
 he said ; and then offer’d Rudeness, which
 she resisted, exclaiming for Assistance. “ Is
 “ there no one,” she cried, in struggling,
 “ will assist me ? Must I be ruin’d ? O
 “ God ! O God ! Must I be doom’d to
 “ eternal Infamy ? Hold off your Hands,
 “ you violating Villain, or kill me ; I will
 “ not out-live my Honour ; in Pity kill
 “ me.”

THIS being an uncommon Sound in Places
 of this Nature, a young Gentleman of the
 Army, who was in the next Room with a
 Girl, and who, tho’ gaily inclined, detested
 Violence to the fair Sex, ran to the Door,
 and heard *Lydia* struggling, almost breath-
 less ; he then demanded who was there,
 when receiving no Answer, he broke open
 the Door, and rushing in, found the Villain
 having almost over-power’d the lovely Crea-
 ture.

THE Scene was too manifest to need ex-
 plaining ; her dishevell’d Hair, and disor-
 der’d Dress, his naked Head, torn Ruffles,
 and every other Mark of intended Viola-
 tion,

tion, spoke the Design, not to say any thing of his known Character.

“VILLAIN,” says the Officer, seizing him by the Collar, “you are the most infamous of Men; and, by Heaven, I this Moment demand Satisfaction for the Injury you have offered this Lady;” at the same time kicking him: “If you are a Man, return that Treatment as you ought,” says *Firebrace*, which was his Name.

THIS the Villain received with all due Patience, and withdrew, Cowardice and ill Treatment of the Fair being inseparable; the Captain then turning his Attention to *Lydia*, who having perceived she was rescued, was now to all Appearance expired on the Carpet; the Girl also from the other Room ran to her Assistance, and by degrees recover’d her.

“MADAM,” says *Lydia*, “I am infinitely obliged to you, whoever you are; and to you, Sir,” weeping, “who preserved me from eternal Ruin. Will you yet defend me in this wicked House? Shall I implore you to defend me from Injury?”

" WITH my Life," says *Firebrace*; " for
 " tho' I make no Pretensions to Chastity
 " above other Men, yet since the time,
 " when very young, I was so handsomely
 " rebuked at *Shrewsbury* by a Woman of
 " Virtue, whom I impudently address'd
 " at the Instigation of another, I have con-
 " stantly entertained a Reverence for the
 " Virtuous of your Sex, and ever shall, I
 " believe; therefore, Madam, confide in
 " me, for by Heaven you shall receive no
 " Outrage whilst you are in this House;
 " I will protect you to your Lodgings,
 " wherever it may be."

SHE then was assisted by the Girl that
 came to her, who pitied *Lydia*, in sighing
 for herself; when being recovered a little,
 and having adjusted her Dress, she was car-
 ried home in a Chair, the Captain paying
 the Chairmen; indeed she acquainted them
 with the History of her being trepan'd, be-
 fore she left the House.

CHAP. LX.
*Mrs. D——s Speech better than my L—d
 * * * * in Defence of the B—l W—ch
 B—ll.*

LYDIA being carried home, Captain
 Firebrace sent for D——s into the
 Room, "You old B—," says he, "are
 "you so lost to all Sense of Chastity in
 "your Sex, that you even keep a House
 "for ravishing the Innocent, as well as a
 "public Stew, for those who are already
 "undone; you deserve a worse Punish-
 "ment than I know to contrive, and I only
 "wish I knew how to invent and give it
 "you."

"I suffer ravishing in my House, Cap-
 "tain," answer'd the Bawd; "I defy you
 "to say a Rape was ever attempted here
 "before, Sir; I'll have you to know, that
 "no Woman knows better how to train up
 "young Women to their Duty than I do,
 "and make them fit for the Company of
 "the best Nobleman in the Nation: Did
 "you ever hear a Virgin of my Education
 "make such a hellish Squawling?"

"PRAY,

" PRAY, Sir, to what Purpose do you
 " imagine I collect all the beautiful young
 " Creatures I can find, carry them to Bo-
 " logne, and give them a religious Educa-
 " tion in Convents, but to preserve what
 " you like the best, their Virginity; and
 " prevent what you dislike the most, their
 " Struggling and Squawling.

" GIVE me leave to tell you, Sir, if
 " Gentlemen will pretend to take up wild
 " Colts from the Common, they must not
 " wonder that they kick; I introduce none
 " but such as are trained up and civilized;
 " I am sure I could have given him fifty
 " Girls of my educating, of more Beauty,
 " where there would not have been the least
 " Disturbance: Here's a Fuss indeed about
 " a poor Wench's Maidenhead. Better than
 " she lose it almost every Day, without one
 " Struggle, or the least Resistance, in my
 " House. If the best Nobleman in *England*
 " was to pretend to bring his kicking,
 " squawling, chaste B——s here, I'll turn
 " him and her out of Doors immedi-
 " ately.

" THE Reputation of my House has al-
 " ways been the best in *England*, thank
 " God; and I am determined to preserve it

" so:

“ so: Another such an Accident, and I
“ shall be undone.”

“ Do you pay no Regard to Chastity,
“ you abandon’d Woman?” says the Cap-
tain. “ Yes,” answer’d D——s; “ who
“ pays so much? Who is it clothes half
“ the Beauties in Town, which you de-
“ bauch? ’Sblood, Sir, how many are there
“ that are now handsomely settled, some
“ amongst our Nobility, of my bringing
“ up? Do you imagine that being a W—e
“ is an Objection to the well-marrying of
“ young Girls? No, Sir; we find by a late
“ Act, that the L——e have thought it
“ the best way of beginning the Road to
“ Preferment; otherwise, can you conceive
“ such wise Men would have prest it with
“ so much Resolution?

“ Who speaks against it, but a Parson
“ or two, and a Novel-writer, who is so
“ simple a Fellow, to wish there was no
“ W—es in the World? a fine Fellow to
“ judge of Laws indeed! But our wise
“ M——y know the good Consequences
“ of having a great Number of Girls upon
“ the Town; and therefore that Fellow,
“ who wrote the *Marriage-act*, is punish’d
“ for writing against it, by shewing his
“ Face twice a Term amongst the greatest
“ Scoun-

“ Scoundrels of the City, who are brought
 “ there also for other notorious Crimes: A
 “ fit Punishment for his daring to speak
 “ against the Propagation of kind Girls,
 “ and so wise an Adm——tion!

“ ZOUNDS, Sir, you are always talking
 “ of Chastity, and the Virtue of Chastity:
 “ Suppose I was to go to *White's*, to make
 “ a Collection for a small Fortune to marry
 “ a Girl of Wit, Beauty, and good Tem-
 “ per, to an honest sensible Man, would
 “ not you see many of them changing Place,
 “ whilst I was telling her History, to avoid
 “ giving any thing to make her happy?

“ BUT if I offer'd either of the same re-
 “ spectable Persons, the first Possession of
 “ this lovely Creature, would not you find
 “ them striving who should bid most to
 “ enjoy her? and perhaps she might get a
 “ Thousand a Year settled on her by that
 “ Man, to get rid of her Chastity, who
 “ would not give a Guinea to preserve it;
 “ such is the Temper of your Sex.

“ IN like manner, if I was to find Ad-
 “ mittance at the most celebrated Routs in
 “ *London*, where as bad People find En-
 “ trance, I imagine, and told a melancholy
 “ Story

" Story of a beautiful young Creature, who
 " might be married to a most worthy
 " young Man, if we could get together
 " two hundred Guineas for her, and in-
 " stead of being open to the Seduction of
 " you young mad Fellows, rendered happy
 " in a Husband, how much would the La-
 " dies contribute on this Account, tell me?
 " Why don't you answer? have you no
 " thing to say?

" Out of a Thousand, who would sub-
 " scribe thirty Guineas each, towards a
 " Gang of *Italian* Bunters, call'd an Opera,
 " you would not obtain that Sum amongst
 " them all, to preserve a young Woman's
 " Chastity. I suppose they would answer
 " as they never fail to do, when an Author
 " solicits their Subscriptions to his Works,
 " *I have made it a Rule never to subscribe to*
 " *things of that Nature.*

" Thus, whatever Fufs you Men and
 " Women make about Virtue in your Con-
 " versation, you do not value it at Sixpence
 " in your Hearts; that is, the best Com-
 " pany, your Nobility and Gentry do not;
 " and who minds the Clamour of the Rab-
 " ble on any Occasion? not I, I assure
 " you.

THUS

Thus ended the Speech of Mrs. D——, and this Chapter.

CH A P. LXI.

Lydia and her Mother persevere in that Virtue which can only raise Mortals above Humanity.

LYDIA, at her Return to her Abode, had too much Confusion, too much Distress, not to discover by her Face that she had met with some disagreeable Treatment; she therefore related to her Mother the Scene, lessening the Circumstances thro' Tenderness to her Age.

SHE knew it was in vain to think on a Remedy by Law; the being at Dowglas's was sufficient to make the World believe she had consented to meet the Violater there; and all Pretensions to Chastity would be consider'd as an Endeavour to get a greater Price from the Villain, who had attempted her Ruin.

“MADAM,” says *Lydia*, “we must re-
turn the Money which was given me by
“that

“ that iniquitous Woman; it is now no
 “ longer the Reward of Virtue, it is be-
 “ come the Price of Pollution, at least in
 “ its Design.”

“ RETURN it,” says the Mother, “ yes,
 “ my dear Child, the Bread of Iniquity
 “ has never past thy Mother’s Lips; that
 “ has been my internal Support thro’ all
 “ my Afflictions; better to perish by Fa-
 “ mine, even to be guilty of Suicide, than
 “ live indebted to the Loss of Virtue for
 “ Existence.”

“ ‘Tis true, Madam,” says *Lydia*, “ tho’
 “ Self-murder is a detested Crime; yet
 “ surely Life, preserved at the Price of all
 “ that is delectable in the Eyes of Heaven,
 “ is yet more criminal.”

SHE then contrived some means of send-
 ing back the five Guineas, which that pub-
 lic Destruction of her Sex had given her on
 the pretended Score of Charity; this left
 them destitute, of every Shilling: Yet such
 was the Consolation they both received at
 that Instant, the heroic Ardor of its being
 done in the Vindication of Virtue sustained
 them, it afforded a Pleasure to their Souls,
 beyond what the receiving communicated
 at the Moment of their deep Distress. Such
 is

is the Effect of Virtue on the Heart of
 Mortals; in Despair; such self-approving
 Moments, which untold Sins cannot pur-
 chase, spring in the Bosoms of the Righte-
 ous, however depress'd by the Calamities
 of this Life.

"My *Lydia*," says the Mother, "what
 shall we do to extricate ourselves from
 this dire Distress which surrounds us?
 you have already pledged too great a
 Part of your necessary Apparel to save
 me from want. What shall thy wretched
 Parent do? What is left us to be done,
 my dear Child?" the Words accompa-
 nied with almost Looks of Horror.

"Die in Virtue," answered *Lydia*.

"Be it so then," she answer'd. "Let
 us attend that Moment with that Resig-
 nation which becomes those who are truly
 Christians; there is a Heaven, my *Lydia*,
 to which we are hastening, where Peace
 attends, and amply rewards the Suffer-
 ings of this World."

"MADAM," says *Lydia*, "amidst this
 Storm of Affliction which surrounds us,
 there yet dwells upon my Soul, I know
 not

“ not why, some gleaming Presentiment of
 “ brighter Days to come.”

“ A H! lovely, deluded Creature; 'tis
 “ Hope, Hope alone, that has fool'd me
 “ thro' all my Days,” replied the Mother,
 “ which sooths thee also.”

“ EVEN that, Madam, is preferable to
 “ Despair, though it prove at last a De-
 “ lusion.”

SHE then left the House, to pledge some-
 thing for that Support which Nature calls
 on too importunately to be refused; and
 prepared a very slender Repast for re-
 freshing her aged Parent, smiling with Joy
 at having it in her Power yet, to afford
 Sustenance to this virtuous Woman.

THIS closed the Evening; the Bed re-
 ceived them, after having address'd that
 Being, which tho' it often proves, yet sel-
 dom leaves the Virtuous in Distress.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXII.

Lydia visits the House of Lady Flimsy; is well received by the Servant; returns with aching Heart to her Mother.

IT now came into the Imagination of *Lydia*, that Lady *Flimsy* might be visited, "my Distress will now plead my seeing her; she will remove the Woes I suffer," she said.

THIS Thought struck her with great Emotion at first; she communicated it to her Mother; the hope-fed Mind, in deep Distress, frequently hangs on a Thought so long, till it fears to try whether it be well or ill founded; such was the Situation of *Lydia*.

SHE wish'd to prove the Success, and yet dreaded the Trial; the soothing Idea of Relief was too interesting to create less than this Anxiety, in a Bosom so delicate, and so situated.

SHE now dress'd herself as clean as the Snow-drop, or the variegated Goldfinch; then kissing her aged Parent, told her her Design,

Design, and took Leave. She then set out for the House of Lady *Flimsy*; as she approached that Place, her Heart palpitated in her Bosom; a thousand new Fears took Possession of her, and all Resolution seem'd to desert her.

THO' she was yet charming, that Bloom of Beauty which had been so remarkable in her, was now a little diminish'd by Grief and Tears, tho' not faded; she resembled a Lilly over-charged with Rain, which shrinks from its full Blowing, thro' want of Serenity and Sunshine.

Lydia was now come to the House of the Viscountess; when enquiring if the Lady was at home, unhappily at that Moment, she was answered that her Ladyship was gone to her Seat in *Worcestershire*: This Answer was too interesting not to create a sensible Air of Disappointment and Dejection in her Countenance, not that of Discontent and lost Labour, but Sorrow and Sensibility.

THIS mixt Expression on the Features of Beauty, adds the most prevailing of all Looks, on those Hearts which are humanely form'd.

IT had this Influence on the Servant, she desired her to walk in; and stay a Moment to refresh herself; this Civility *Lydia* complied with. It seems this Female Servant was a great Favourite of Lady *Flimsy's*, and left in charge with the House, when her Ladyship retired into the Country.

THE pleasing Countenance of *Lydia* won on this Woman's Opinion, she obliged her to drink Tea with her; and during that Time, *Lydia* said she had formerly lived a Servant with her Ladyship, and added her Name.

"ARE you that young Woman," says she. "Yes," answered *Lydia*, "I am."

"INDEED then my Lady will be extremely glad to see you," says the Servant; "I have heard her wish to know where you lived. Bless me! I am sorry she is not in Town; I have often heard her talk of you in *Worcestershire*; I was there during your being with my Lady. Bless me! I am glad to see you: My Lord was a sad Man, but there he is dead; you suffer'd enough; however, Heaven will reward you."

importuning to permit the Delay of Weeks;

"I HOPE so," says *Lydia*, with a Sigh.

"LORD bless me!" continued the Ser-

vant, "how sorry my Lady will be not

to see you; why did not you come be-

fore? she has been asking a thousand

"Times after you! And there's *Frank*,

"that was my Lord's Valet de Chambre,

"has been often here, to see if you should

"happen to come to this House; he tells

"me he has been looking for you all over

"London to no Purpose; he hath some-

"thing, which he wants to tell you with

"great Earnestness."

Lydia was made as welcome as she could be: Before she left the House, she gave the Servant Directions where to find her; then taking Leave, desired her Duty to Lady *Flimsy*.

"I SHALL not forget it," said the Ser-

vant; "and pray come and see me often:

"My Lady will be most exceedingly plea-

"sed to know where you are; and I shall

"be very glad of your Company."

THE lovely Creature return'd with a heavy Bosom; her present Distress was too im-

importuning to permit the Delay of Weeks; her Heart was beating the melancholy Strokes of Despair; she wished to see her Mother, yet dreaded the Moment of her Return. "How will she bear the Answer which I must give her?" she said. "Why am I denied the means of sustaining the helpless Hours of old Age?"

At her Return, she found her Mother, and in the Room with her a little Boy, a Child of the Person who kept the House they lived in.

Lydia then, not attending to the Child, gave an Account to her Mother of her Reception at Lady *Flimsy's*. This Relation, as the good old Woman had foster'd some Hope of Relief, struck her the more sensibly, she cried, "Good God! what can keep us now from starving?"

"You shall not starve," says the Child, "Billy will give you his Dinner; Grand-mamma *Fairchild* shall not starve." It seems she had been ever fond of him; and the pretty little Fellow had always called her his Grand-mamma. "Sweet Infant!" answer'd the Parent and lovely Daughter.

Lydia

Lydia had now pledged the last thing, without stripping herself of what was absolutely necessary; there remained but very few Shillings of the Money.

HOWEVER, she prepared something for her Mother, who had pass'd the Day without Sustenance: During this Time she said, "If we shall ever taste Ease and Competency, with what Delight will these things be relish'd by us, who have felt so severely the Affliction of this World."

"Ah *Lydia*! I am past all Hope," said the sighing, weeping Parent.

To this the Daughter only answer'd with a Sigh.

VOL. II.

N

CHAP.

C H A P. LXIII.

The Humanity of a Child, and Brutality of a Mother; in which may be seen the Difference of Women; Distress, which gives us Pain to relate.

THE little Boy, whom we have mentioned above, was so sensibly touch'd with the Expression of Mrs. *Fairchild*, he could not avoid saying to his Mother, the next Morning, "Oh! Mamma, Grand-mamma *Fairchild* said she should be starved, and cried; and I told her she should not starve; shall I give her my Breakfast? Do, Mamma, let me give her my Breakfast."

To this the good Woman of the House made no Answer: It seems Mrs. *Fairchild* owed for three Month's Lodging; she had also remarked *Lydia's* dejected Countenance, and perceived that her Cloaths were carried to be pledg'd, by her being reduced to one Linnen-gown.

THESE Remarks had given her some Apprehensions, lest she should lose her Rent, and the Story of the little Boy confirm'd her in that Opinion. Indeed she had been
led

led to imagine, that *Lydia* being carried by Mrs. D——s in a Coach, would have been taken into Keeping; or as a new Face upon the Town, would have gotten Money, and thence she should have been paid; but this Discovery of the Child had cured her of that Opinion.

SHE therefore determined to insist on her Rent, before Affairs went worse. She was by Nature one of those tender-hearted Females, who would not give Sixpence to save all Mankind from Ruin; of that Stamp which follows the Fields of Battles, strips and plunders without Remorse the wretched wounded Objects, the Sacrifices of cursed Ambition in the Heads of Ministers and Princes.

WITH this Design she came into the Room of Mrs. *Fairchild* and *Lydia*.

MRS. *Clench*, for that was her Name, being of no very delicate Temper, soon began with asking for her Rent; to which *Lydia* replied, she really had it not to give her; “but,” says she, “Lady *Flimsy* will return to Town in six Weeks, when I can almost answer for the being able to pay you.”

“ALMOST answer!” says Mrs. Clinch;
 “what do you mean by living in People’s
 “Houses, without Money to pay your
 “Rent? I imagined,” says she, “that you
 “would have been in a good way, when I
 “saw Mrs. D—— carry you to her House
 “in a Coach; but I suppose your Pride
 “has hinder’d you from doing as you
 “ought.”

“AND did you, Madam,” says Lydia,
 “know that Woman to be that infamous
 “Destroyer of Innocence, and not prevent
 “me, by kindly telling it, from being ex-
 “posed to every Eye, to Loss of Reputa-
 “tion, which I value more than Life, in-
 “deed, Madam, it was not kind.”

“HERE’S a to-do about Loss of Reputa-
 “tion, indeed!” says Mrs. Clinch, “in
 “my Mind, not being able to pay your
 “Debts, is a greater Loss of Reputation
 “than being a kept Mistress. Reputation,
 “indeed, when People cannot pay their
 “Rent! And so your Mother must starve,
 “because you will not lose your Reputa-
 “tion.”

“YES, and willingly,” replied the Mo-
 “ther, “my Life shall not be sustained at
 “the Price of her Virtue.”

“NOR

“Nor my Rent paid, by canting about
“Virtue?” says Mrs. *Clinch*. “Here’s a
“to-do about her Virtue, as if no Girl
“ever lost her Maidenhead! There’s *Fanny*
“——, and *Polly* ——, and *Lucy* ——,
“who live like them, or are so respected
“by the Gentlemen? What Ladies are fi-
“ner drest, or at more Diversions than
“these? And methinks your Duty should
“bring down your proud Stomach to pro-
“vide for your aged Mother as you ought,
“and not be misled by her Notions of Vir-
“tue,” says Mrs. *Clinch*.

“Would you,” says *Lydia*, “persuade
“me to sustain my Parent by such detested
“ways?”

“To be sure I would,” answer’d she.
“What’s become of the Money you got
“by the Diamonds you sold? I suppose
“you squander’d it like a Fool: Talk of
“Virtue, indeed! If you do not take this
“Advice, and let me see that I am in a
“way to be paid within this Week, I shall
“immediately turn you out of Doors:
“Talk of Chastity, and not pay your
“Debts! A fine Virtue indeed, that will
“not let People pay their Debts!” This

she pronounced with much Vehemence, shutting the Door with great Noise after her.

THE Moment she was gone, the old Lady threw her Arms about her *Lydia's* Neck, and pouring out an Ocean of Tears, she cried, "Oh! my lovely Maid, let not this pernicious Woman tempt you to your Ruin on my Account; thy Infamy shall not be my Support; let me die in want. Oh Heaven! preserve my *Lydia's* Virtue."

"MADAM," answer'd the lovely, weeping Maid, "be under no Pain for me; my Resolution has been long fix'd; I have innur'd my Mind to look on Death as preferable to Disgrace; your Daughter shall not taint your Name with Infamy." This she pronounced in that animated and resolute Tone of Voice which attends Truth, and imparted Consolation to the despairing Mother.

"My Child," says she, "what remains for us to be done?"

"ATTEND the Will of Providence," says *Lydia*.

"HEAVEN

“HEAVEN sustain us in this Hour of
“ Trial. Methinks,” says the Parent, “ to
“ die in such a Cause has nothing very
“ dreadful in it.”

“ NOTHING dreadful in the least,” an-
“ swer’d *Lydia*; “ the Guiltless lose the
“ Stings of Death, with which the Souls
“ of those who die in Wickedness are eter-
“ nally transfix’d; perhaps Heaven in Pity
“ to our Woes, has thus graciously design-
“ ed to bring them to an End; a few Mi-
“ nutes will”—here she paused, and the old
Lady entertaining the same Thoughts with
her Daughter, gazing wildly in her Face,
cried out, “ Oh *Lydia*!” the lovely Maid
looking on her Mother, answered, “ My
“ Parent!” when each sat down in Silence
gazing attentively on each other, with Looks
that bespoke Despair.

It seems each would have found but lit-
tle Difficulty in finishing their miserable
Days, but what they could not feel for
themselves, they felt severely for each other.

Lydia however recovering a little, said,
“ MADAM, why shall we despair, we have
“ yet Sustenance for two Days, Heaven in
“ Minutes brings unexpected, unforeseen

“ Relief; it may, it will behold us with
 “ an Eye of Pity. D Y

• “ Oh my Child, tho’ my Heart com-
 “ plains not, yet I am weary of this World
 “ of Woe; it is thee, my *Lydia*, for thee
 “ my Child, I only taste Distress: oh why
 “ did you cross the Seas to become thus
 “ the Participater, and even the Augment-
 “ er of my Sufferings? I had felt far less
 “ than Half, had you been absent.

“ LET me implore you, MADAM, kill
 “ me not with these Expressions; the little
 “ Support I have afforded you, is yet a
 “ greater Joy, than all other I have ever
 “ tasted,” replied this duteous Child.

Thus complaining, such is the Effect of
 Tears and pouring forth of Woe, their
 Bosoms became a little alleviated, and some
 small Respite to the Poignancy of Affliction
 was the Consequence of this bitter Moment.

THE Shades of Night wrapt them in
 one Bed together sleepless, their Souls could
 taste no Quietness.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIV.

Further Instances of Misfortune pursue the virtuous Parent and Daughter, with a little Illustration of Mrs. Clinch's manner of thinking, and that of two other Females,

IN the Neighbourhood of Miss Fairchild's Lodgings lived a Lady, who had often beheld *Lydia* with Attention, as she past the Street; she had heard of the Theft which was imputed to her when she first came back from *Bristol*, and from her open, ingenuous Countenance, and liberal Air, was inclined to believe she had been caulesly accused.

SHE had remarked also for some time, a fixt Dejection in her Face, and observed an Expression of Distress in her Mein and Apparel; this inclined her yet more to think the Accusation was groundless, particularly when, upon enquiring, she had heard of her Duty to her declining Mother.

“SURELY,” says this Woman, “such contradictory Qualities cannot reside in the same Person; can the most flagrant Crimes and the most filial Piety be In-

mates of the same Bosom? can a Face express all the latter by the most evident Symptoms, and a Heart harbour all the former, without suffering it to be visible in the Features? surely it is not possible."

REASONING thus, she was determined to send her Maid to desire to see *Lydia*, and if she found there was Reason to believe her innocent, she was determined to assist her.

THIS Design took Place the very Day Miss *Fairechild* was trepanned by that infamous Woman, to her House in *Covent-Garden*; the Servant being sent to Mrs. *Clinch's* House, and enquiring if Miss *Lydia* was at Home, she was acquainted by Mrs. *Clinch* that she was not; and as this good Woman loved to hold a gossiping Tale, she stopt the Servant and informed her that Miss *Lydia* was carried that Morning by Mrs. *D——s* in her Coach, to her House in *Covent-Garden*.

"Now I believe," says she, "I shall have my Rent, for indeed Mrs. *Betty* I was very much afraid of it, for I hope she will be taken into Keeping. Poor Thing, she held out as long as she could, I must say that for her. I believe verily
"that

" that it is very hard with her and her
 " Mother, and nothing but Necessity would
 " have made her do it; but however you
 " know, Mrs. *Betty*, hunger will eat thro'
 " Stone-walls, and it is hard to see a Mo-
 " ther starve; besides I must have turned
 " her out of Doors, for I have got Chil-
 " dren of my own, and must breed them
 " up, and Rent must be paid, otherwise how
 " shall Folks live, you know." Thus she
 was going on, when Mrs. *Betty* retired un-
 answering, with great Abhorrence of this
 mercenary Woman; and returning with
 great Displeasure, told her Mistress the
 Story, adding, " the nasty Jade, it is she
 " has forced the poor young Creature to
 " this Life, I am convinced of it, I could
 " tear her Eyes out."

" ALAS!" says Mrs. *Blandford*, " how
 " sorry I am, not to have sent sooner, that
 " probably would have prevented her fall-
 " ing into Destruction, I am of your Opi-
 " nion *Betty*; why did I delay it so long?
 " Alas! this poor innocent Maid is doom-
 " ed to Misery, by this mercenary, inhu-
 " man Creature, and my Neglect."

THIS Account prevented Mrs. *Blandford*
 from farther inquiring about poor *Lydia*; she
 concluded from this Story that she was

now ruined, and in the ready Road to become an abandoned Prostitute; she really felt much Anguish on this Occasion, and greatly bewailed the Delay she had been guilty of.

ALAS! how terrible was this Accident, Beauty, Innocence, Virtue, in Youth, and and Piety in old Age, tried by numerous Severities, steadfast in Religion, like a Rock amidst surrounding Tempests, deprived by this Machination of that pernicious D—— from Assistance, at the Moment of the deepest Anguish and Distress. Alas! such is the Will of Heaven, and Mortals should receive it unrepining.

CH A P LXV.

A Scene of what Virtue may suffer. Lydia leaves her Mother and resolves on Suicide.

ADDED to this undeserved Misfortune, Mr. Probit, now become Earl of Liberal, had been seeking his lovely Lydia thro' all London to no Purpose; she conceived him so totally changed by his new Honours and Exaltation, that it was impossible

impossible he could entertain one Idea of *Lydia Fairchild*; this thought had communicated many a severe Pang to her Heart; amongst the numerous Evils which had befallen her since she left *America*, that of loving and being deserted by Mr. *Probit*, now become an Earl, was not the least poignant or of shortest Duration; she had often lamented her knowing or being known to him, and his Image to that Hour had never visited her Mind, without being accompanied with the mixt Sensation of Pain and Pleasure, which dwelt a long time on her Heart.

He in the mean time had made ten thousand fruitless Endeavours to find his *Lydia Fairchild*, but as she had never written him where she might be found, and had appeared in no public Places in *London*, it was next to impossible that he could discover her; thus all Nature seemed to tend towards the distressing this lovely Maid and virtuous Woman.

THE Week was expired, and Mrs. *Clinch* began to be again clamorous about her Rent; she told *Lydia* as she came down one Afternoon, that she must turn out next Day; "I see," says she, "you are in no way
"of

“of providing me my Rent, therefore I
 “desire you to be gone To-morrow.”

“MADAM,” says *Lydia*, dropping on
 her Knees, “permit my dear Parent to
 “expire, at least covered from the public
 “Eye under your Roof; don’t expose her,
 “whose Misfortunes and not her Crimes,
 “have reduced her to this extreme Indi-
 “gence in her last Moments to the rude
 “World; let me implore you permit me
 “this Mercy: Alas! she cannot survive
 “To-morrow, so may Heaven befriend
 “you in your future Days, and repay that
 “Goodness to the Wretched.”

THE little Boy whom we have mention-
 ed before, hung on his Mother’s Apron,
 and looking up with all possible Tender-
 ness in her Face, cried, “do Mamma, do,
 “do pity poor Grand-mamma *Fairchild*
 “and Miss *Lydy*, they love me, they al-
 “ways love *Tommy*; pray Mamma do not
 “turn them out of Doors; do Mamma
 “give them my Supper, they always gave
 “me something to eat.

“HOLD your Tongue you Brat,” says
Mrs. Clinch; and then to *Lydia*, “and so
 “you intend your Mother shall die here,
 “do you? and I be at the Expence of
 “burying

“burying her; is that the Thing you
“want? is that the Virtue you boast of?
“first run in Debt, then starve your Mo-
“ther, and leave me to bury her, haye?”

“MADAM,” says *Lydia* rising, “this is
“more than I could have conceived, that
“a Creature of the Human Kind could
“have uttered to another; To morrow you
“shall have I hope a satisfactory Answer.”

“OR you shall troop,” replied Mrs.
Clinch; the poor little Boy weeping, said,
“they shall not go, Grand-mamma Fair-
“child shall not be turned out of Doors.”

Lydia then went out and bought some-
thing with her last Six-pence for her Mo-
ther; at her Return she prepared it for
her, indeed she was extremely weak, and no
Probability of her living a Week longer.

SHE sighed, and said, “my dear Child,
“I feel Life is almost at an End with me;
“that Relief which I have so often im-
“plored, the Heavens have at last granted
“me, in Commiseration of my Woes;
“may that God who beholds thy Actions,
“reward thee for all thy more than filial
“Duty, let me expire and free thee from
“thy Care, my Child.”

Lydia

Lydia made no Reply, choaked with Tears.

“LEAD me to my Bed,” continued the Mother, “whether it be Sleep or Death, I know not, something steals upon my Eye-lids to which I am a Stranger.”

“MADAM,” says *Lydia*, “you have been long a Stranger to Repose, it is Sleep only which affects you,” she then led her to her Bed and gently laid her down, when Mrs. *Fairchild*, said, “my Child, let me embrace thee, I am prepared for Sleep or Death, this may be my last Embrace, my last Adieu.” Oh “Heavens,” said *Lydia*, weeping.

Few Minutes past before she was fallen into a sweet Slumber; *Lydia* now in the utmost Despair, without one Shilling to give them Bread, threatened to be exposed to the Streets the next Day, without having a Friend to fly to, her Reputation gone, felt an Agony of Grief beyond all power of painting; she knew not where to turn, “God of my Salvation,” she cried, “can it be criminal to end this Life of Wretchedness; it cannot be—To-morrow exposed to Infamy—will it be criminal
“to

“ to save myself from public Contempt—it
“ will not sure.”

SHE then slept softly and listened to her Mother; when not hearing her breathe, she believed her expiring; happy, happy wilt thou be, and all thy Afflictions end at last,” she said.

SHE then kneeled by the Bed-side, and with up uplifted Hands and Eyes, implored that Heaven would receive the Soul of her dear Mother, into the Mansions of eternal Bliss.

“ And oh my God, she cried, “ look
“ on this wretched Being with an Eye of
“ Mercy, receive me to thy Favour tho’
“ these rash Hands shall terminate the Life
“ you gave me; forgive the Being which
“ thus yields to her Calamities:” She then
prest her Lips close to her Parents chilly
Cheek, and as she did not wake with this
Action, *Lydia* concluded she was then ex-
piring; “ yet if she lives,” says she, start-
ing, “ how shall I behold the asking Coun-
“ tenance of a Mother without Bread to al-
“ lay her Hunger?” This Thought made
such an Impression on her Soul, that she
was determined to go into the Park and
finish her Days, by throwing herself into
the

the Canal; she could bear its Poignancy no longer; she therefore again took a parting Kiss, and weeping like Rain, pronounced, "God be with you," when she stole silently down Stairs, to put an end to her miserable Existence.

SHE then walked half distracted towards St. James's Park, concluding her Mother would be beyond the Reach of Pain; before she arrived at the Place; "shall I be condemned," she cried, "for thus leaving my departing Parent before her Life is quite extinguished: alas! she is already beyond all Sense of filial Duty; whilst my Hands could minister to her Ease I never quitted that Office, now to fly that Scene of Misery which is preparing for me, Heaven I am sure will pardon."

THIS she softly pronounced as she past along.

SHE was now entered the Gate in *Spring Gardens*, the Evening was just closing in; at the Sight of the Water she trembled a little, her Limbs faltered, she therefore reposed herself on one of the Benches, still resolving to finish that Woe, from which she saw no Power of extricating herself.

"If

“ If I return,” says she, “ what is the
 “ most favourable Object which can be
 “ afforded to my Eyes? a Parent dead,
 “ and I unable to give her the last Duties
 “ of Interment; if living, to behold her
 “ gradually expiring by Want and Hun-
 “ ger; dreadful Thought!” she pronoun-
 “ ced, shivering at the Expression, “ my
 “ Death saves me from both these Tor-
 “ tures, there remains no other way;” this
 she imagined to herself as she sat on the
 Bench in the Walk, this was her Reso-
 lution.

We had forgot to mention, that before
 she left the Chamber she wrote the follow-
 ing Lines, and left them on the Table.

“ **W**HOEVER shall read these
 “ Lines, and first discover my de-
 “ parted Parent, I implore them not rashly
 “ to condemn that Daughter who deserted
 “ her, without paying the last filial Office
 “ to her Ashes.

“ Know then, after many Attacks on
 “ my Virtue, my Reputation lost, tho’ my
 “ Soul is unstained, I laboured to give
 “ Bread to Age and Weakness, nor ever
 “ quitted her one Minute, till Life was
 “ no more.

“ DE-

" DEPRIVED of wherewithal to ex-
 " cute this last Duty, my Soul (Heaven:
 " look down with Mercy upon this action):
 " possessed not Firmness sufficient to attend:
 " that awful Moment.

" THE Child therefore has resolved to
 " end her miserable Days, and follow that
 " Parent to that Place, where Repose is
 " only to be found for her and the
 " Wretched

LYDIA FAIRCHILD."

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End of the Second Volume.

